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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Senator Goldwater Speaks His Mind

AN INTERVIEW

So Long, Ike

AN EDITORIAL

The Testimony of Vanzetti

AN INFORMAL INQUIRY

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . RICHARD M. WEAVER

SIR SHANE LESLIE · FRANK S. MEYER · E. MERRILL ROOT

L. BRENT BOZELL · GEORG MANN · WILLIAM A. RUSHER

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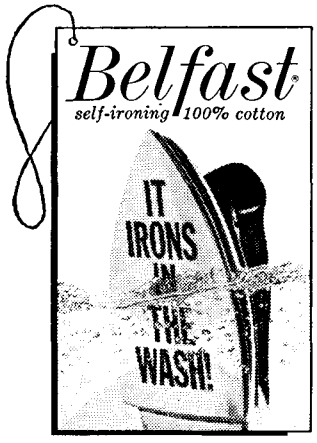

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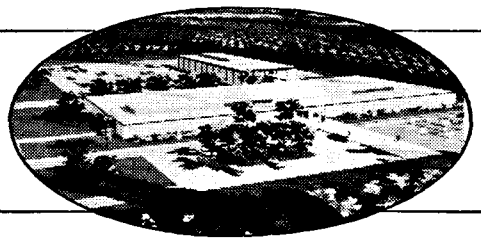

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature an interview with Senator **Barry Goldwater,** who answers just those questions many of us would put to him if we had the opportunity. In introducing the interview on p. 13 we call attention to the wonderful candor with which, characteristically—as anyone knows who has heard him on the platform—he answers questions that are put to him. You may think it's the opposite of candid to reply to the question "Do you plan to run for President in 1964?", with "I can't say." We think it's o-kay: he *can't* say—convention forbids it, this early in the season. But notice he did not say, "No" (meaning yes); or "Certainly not," (meaning "Of course"). **Brent Bozell,** who interviewed the Senator, writes a second column on the problem he raised a few weeks ago: "The Challenge to Conservatives." He specifies the relationship he believes American conservatives should have with the Republican Party. Unlike the Senator, Mr. Bozell does *not* believe in a marriage between the two, good in sickness or in health. . . . Our second article is a fragmentary inquiry into an aspect of the Sacco-Vanzetti case that has fascinated so many people for years: how did the fisherman and the shoemaker, relatively illiterate, come by their striking skills as verbalizers? Did they have a ghost?

➔ **James Burnham** writes from his Cold War Notebook, and discusses, among other matters, the continuing scandals within Radio Free Europe (Czechoslovak section, this time); the consequences of the commune experiment in Red China; and a booklet on racialism by UNESCO, in which all forms of racism are deplored, if they are by whites against non-whites, and if the whites are not Russian. It is very important to make these distinctions. . . . **Frank Meyer,** whose book *The Moulding of Communists* is published this week (and will be reviewed in the next issue), presents an adaptation of his talk at the 5th Anniversary Dinner. . . . **Richard Weaver** reviews a historian's history of historians; and from the looks of the review, this one certainly *needed* reviewing! . . . **Georg Mann,** whose hilarious novel about academic affairs (*The Dollar Diploma*) was recently published, has a great time at the expense of Simone de Beauvoir's sociologization of Brigitte Bardot. . . . **William Rusher** communicates the excitement of an evening at the Cort, viewing *Advise and Consent,* the play least approved of by Eleanor Roosevelt, who has said she will *not* take her UN friends to see it.

➔ And **Robert Duncan,** our poet of the month, is the author of *1956-1959: The Opening of the Field,* a volume of verse recently published by the Grove Press. He is at work on a book on Hilda Doolittle (H. D.). His spelling mistakes, by the way, are not the result of a progressive education. He means it that way. Like Tennyson. (There the resemblance ends!) ➔

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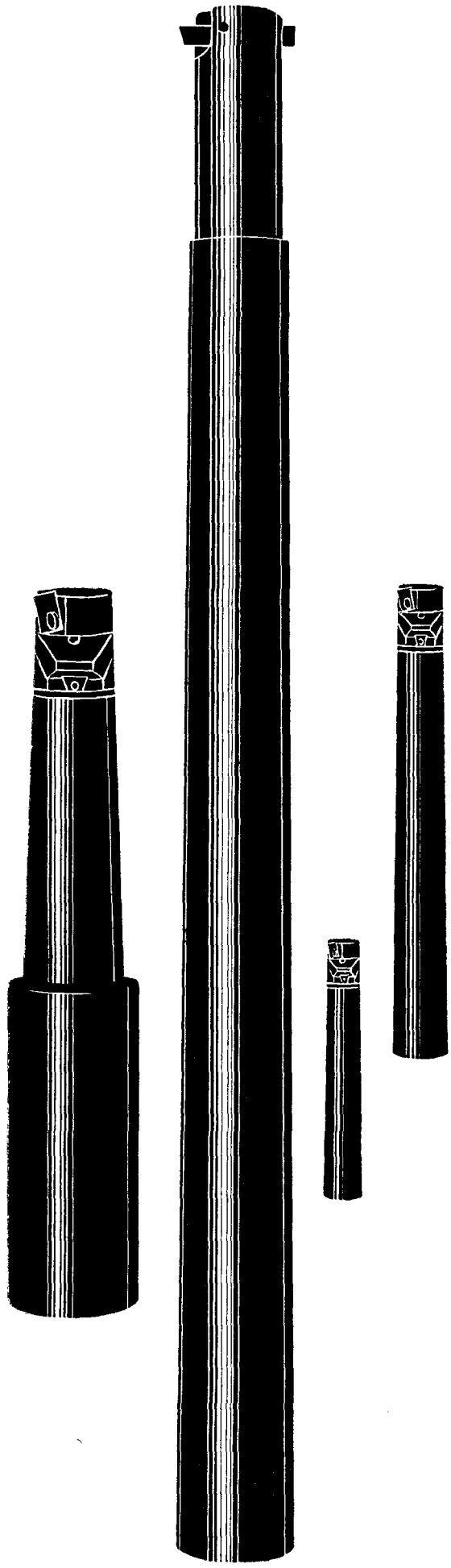

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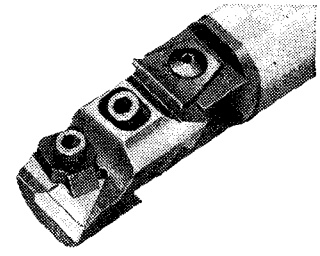

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Niobium	4379°F	7052°F

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The WEEK

● Averell Harriman has been given an Ambassadorship at Large, whence he can diffuse his beneficences equally among all people, regardless of race, color or creed. It would have been an act of rank prejudice to have given all of him to just one nation, as Mr. Kennedy no doubt realized.

● U.S. labor leaders delivered millions of votes to the Democratic Party in November and now expect as payoff major revisions in both the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin Acts. But Liberal Democratic congressmen who are prepared to draft the legislation Walter Reuther, David McDonald, Jimmy Hoffa and others demand would do well to pause a moment and look at the results of a recent poll conducted by Opinion Research Corporation. It found that among rank-and-file union members, 57 per cent favored bringing unions under anti-trust law, as against 20 per cent opposing it, and 63 per cent voted for close government regulation of union activities.

● The first major test of Liberal strength in the House of Representatives will be over the membership of the House Rules Committee, long a graveyard of radical spending legislation. By replacing one conservative member of the Committee with a Liberal, a 7-5 majority could be expected to rubber-stamp all legislation proposed by the Liberal segment of the Democratic Party. The plan is to unseat Rep. William M. Colmer (D.-Miss.), who refused to endorse Kennedy during the campaign. The operation will first have to be approved by the Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee, then by a Party caucus, and finally by the entire House of Representatives. The deciding factor will be the amount of pressure put on Ways and Means Committee members by Speaker Sam Rayburn. During the campaign, prominent Democratic leaders urged their constituents to stick with the Democratic Party on the grounds that the critical chairmanships were theirs, and that they would never be bereft of them. If the Kennedy forces win, one wonders what further reasons the South will have to stay in the Democratic Party.

● In the last couple of weeks New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller has hit the headlines almost daily with new proposals. Tax relief for the railroads if the railroads agree to continue or improve their commuter service (which proviso illustrates the adage that the power to tax is the power to control). Revision or repeal of the featherbedding laws in railroading. To help the unemployed, the largest construction program for roads and buildings ever undertaken in the state. Again to help the unemployed, a $100 million state-financed program to attract new industry. A 10 per cent income tax rebate. A plan for the state to buy railroad cars and lease them to the commuter railroads. Never mind whether this batch of proposals does or does not tend to increase the amount of governmental intrusion in the market economy. The important thing is that Ole Rocky is *doing* something. He's not gonna sit there and have people say the only bold boys are on the New Frontier. Rocky is going to show the world he's got the old git-up-and-go spirit, the dynamic drive right straight down that Rocky road to . . .

● Indonesia's ambitious Eight-Year-Plan has already been bound in a handsome 20-volume set. Any day now, the plans for the 350 projects the country will undertake in the next eight years will be publicly displayed in the "House of Blueprints," whose cornerstone was laid last week. It remains only to figure out where the five billion dollars is coming from. Indonesian experts concede at least 50 per cent of the money must come from abroad. No businessman in his right mind will send money to Indonesia, to accelerate the communization of the country. So it will have to come from foreign governments. The Soviet government doesn't go in for aid on that scale. So where? Enter Chester Bowles?

● Another wedge was driven between the Outer Seven and the Inner Six—as the two rival European trade groups are called—on January first when the six nations of the Common Market slashed tariffs by 10 per cent. So effective have lowered tariffs been in stimulating trade and the flow of goods between the Common Market countries that this last cut was made a full year ahead of schedule. At the same time, tariffs on certain imports from non-Common Market nations were adjusted upward to protect specific industries in Italy, France, West Germany and the Benelux countries. This latest move will, predictably, touch off a new wave of anti-French and anti-German sentiment in Great Britain, whose rival Outer Seven has yet to become an effective organization.

● On January 1, Bonn and Moscow announced the signing of a new trade agreement, to run for three years, which provides for a 20 per cent increase in the annual trade volume reached under the expiring 1958-60 pact. Bonn delayed ratification for more than a month in an effort to get an explicit "Berlin clause" affirming that the economy of West Berlin was included within the West German economy. Moscow would not go quite that far, but compromised on a statement that "the area of application" of the new

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pact will be the same as that of the old, which in practice was accepted as inclusive of West Berlin. Thus the Kremlin continues the sweeping political turn in its European strategy that began last autumn, from a French to a German orientation. Friendly coexistence with the West Germans advances in reciprocal motion to the cooling of relations with France; smiles for Adenauer balance the new frowns for de Gaulle. Even Nazism is largely forgotten in the fresh ardor against French *colons* and A-bombs.

● A student of Chinese affairs, who is a professor at a major American university, is just back from a three-week visit to Taiwan, where he once (1955-57) made his home. He reports that the resolution of the Chinese there, and of their leader General Chiang and his son, is firmer than he has ever seen it; that they will resist with their whole resources any effort by the U.S. Government to cause them to give up Quemoy and Matsu; that the Chinese Communists know that Formosa is invincible (unless we abandon our alliance), but cannot tolerate the continuing challenge to their legitimacy; that therefore the Communists will redouble their efforts during the coming months to bring pressure on us to abandon Formosa. Look, he said, for an intensification of pressure on the West, aimed at Formosa.

● The New Jersey Taxpayers Association has completed a study which penetrates to one of the principal economic delusions of our time: the notion that federal aid "helps" all states. It does not: it "helps" states that are taxed less than what they take in. New Jersey taxpayers, for instance, paid toward the federal grants-in-aid program a total of $246.5 million. They took back $100 million, or one dollar for every $2.47 they paid out. In New York, the taxpayer paid out $1.49; in Connecticut, $1.82, to earn a buck. One wonders how many of the munificent voters in these three states who formed majorities to vote for Mr. Kennedy and his program of Increased Everything, are aware that they stand to lose money, net, for every one of those luscious programs they endorsed so heartily?

● Franklin Delano Roosevelt is to stretch all the way from Lincoln to Jefferson, along the Potomac River. The whole area will be given over to his Memorial. That is a lot of space. One's instinct is to wonder why? . . . But the answer greets a moment's reflection: Roosevelt was the biggest President the U. S. ever had. He spent most dollars, told most lies, broke most promises, fooled most people, and Arthur Schlesinger digs him the most. By contrast, which is now to be certified geographically by the relative allotment of park area, Lincoln and Jefferson were, indeed, pikers.

¿Yanqui Si?

On January 3 we severed diplomatic relations with Cuba, less than a day after Cuba ordered us to reduce our embassy and consulate personnel to eleven.

It is possible to discover several motives for Castro's action. Thousands of Cubans of the professional classes have been escaping each week to Miami with visas secured through our embassy in Havana. Castro could not publicly acknowledge this exodus, which he'd have done by stopping it by force of law. But if the U.S. broke off relations . . . But he did not want to initiate that break. So he ordered us to reduce our staff to a point below the minimum for transacting essential business, thus forcing us to take the initiative in severing relations. The Soviet news agency, Tass, confirms this interpretation by calling our withdrawal "a new step toward aggression." Castro may hope to derive other advantages from this rupture. He may need further pretext to cry U.S. hostility, for the threat of foreign aggression is the tyrant's best tool for controlling his rebellious people. He may wish to appear before the other Latin American countries as an innocent victim of our power politics, hoping thus to join with them in a newly stimulated resentment of their domineering neighbor; and so stop the succession of diplomatic breaks with them, which have now occurred with Peru, Nicaragua, Guatemala, and Haiti. He may actually want to drop an iron curtain over the island and build up a full-fledged military striking force.

And what were the motives for our action? The best explanation may be that we decided that we would do ourselves more harm by staying in Cuba with a staff too small to handle our affairs. Those thousands of people per week must now place the blame on someone other than our officials when they find they cannot legally flee from Castro's paradise. We were, in short, forced to do what we did. As usual, the initiative was not ours. We took our action sadly and reluctantly, it is said.

What next? Our history of benign passivity provides no binding contract to continue to lie down and be walked on by the bearded mob. We retain our naval base at Guantanamo, and we have repeated our declaration that we intend to fight for it if Castro threatens it. In this atmosphere we should have good reason to put as many obstacles as possible in the way of Castro's road to military power. A blockade of the island, no less, should be our next step. With the umbilicus to Russia and China strangled, Cuba would die aborning. Castro would scream, and go down screaming, and in the interregnum we should walk right back in, set up a decent government, and start all over again at the point where we started in 1903.

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It's a long road from Capitol Hill to San Juan Hill, but we could find our way if we had in our viscera half the stamina the New Frontiersmen have in their lungs. Along the way we might even recapture a few memories of national purposiveness.

Treadmill

The news from Laos gives that eerie psychological impression of what William James called the *dejà vu* —the "already seen," or, as we say more lightly: this is where I came in. In the Laotian events the wheel of international politics finishes its full circle, back to Korea. It is almost as if the entire eight years of the Eisenhower Administration were sponged off the slate.

Actually, there is nothing occult about this erasure. In Korea, we left the desk with our business still unfinished. We didn't remind ourselves that wars end in defeats as well as victories; and that a compromise ending that leaves unsolved those issues and conflicts that originally provoked the war can be no more than an uneasy, unlasting truce. Still more blindly, we refused to see and admit that the entire "police action" in Korea was in any case only a single campaign in a continuing, unrelenting struggle for the world, and for survival.

So Dwight Eisenhower—who as a soldier should have understood these things, and as a leader should have made the rest of us understand—settled, that is failed to settle, the Korean War on a basis that was part defeat, part compromise, and wholly unqualified to affect either the particular conflicts there in question or the continuing general struggle. In 1954, he, once more with our drugged acquiescence, applied the same thin salve to the same kind of raw conflicts, the same enduring struggle, in Indochina.

So now we start up again our run on the treadmill, this time with a small geographic shift to Laos. Why should any man find in this renewal anything to be surprised at? When the match is to a finish, the boxers may take a breather between rounds, but the bell will ring again, and the contest will go forward, with the body still pulsing from the blows given and received. Under the Indochinese treaty, the Communist partisan army (Pathet Lao) was supposed to have laid down its arms and disbanded. Of course it did nothing of the sort. Why should it have done? Because the commissioners from India, Poland and Canada made polite requests? Because someone in Geneva had signed a scrap of paper? Communist strategy is not modeled on the Boy Scout Manual.

It is not quite exact to say that from Korea to Laos we have come full circle: it is more accurately a spiral, for we curve back at another, and this time much lower, level. We do not face in Laos precisely the same sort of problem we faced in Korea. We face a worse problem, worse situated to deal with it, just as in Korea the problem was much worse than in Eastern Europe in 1945 or Greece in 1947. Our enemy's position is greatly strengthened, his arms brought closer in power to our own. Even in tech-

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nical terms, our military force is less well organized for a fight in Laos than it was a decade ago for a fight in Korea; our allies are more reluctant; our peripheral regions—in the Middle East, Africa, Latin America—are more eroded; an enemy bridgehead has been thrust inside our strategic gate. This time it is much worse for us, and if we continue to refuse to face the reality of the struggle and the challenge of the enemy, it will be still worse at the Korea-Laos of tomorrow.

This, we imagine, was what Douglas MacArthur meant when he tried to tell his Commander-in-Chief and his countrymen: In war, there is no substitute for victory.

So Long, Ike

The American people will do anything for a good man. Dwight Eisenhower is manifestly that. And if it had been he running for President last November, he'd have reduced Jack Kennedy to political dust in six speeches, syntax or no syntax. Indeed, no one could have run against Ike and beaten him. It is not that the people were satisfied with his stewardship, but that they know politics is a grubby, cynical business, the meaning of which they cannot hope to penetrate—so vote for the man you *trust*. And such a man, to his eternal credit, is Dwight Eisenhower. A man one can trust to do the good, according to his lights.

And yet it must be said, what a miserable President he was! Said regretfully: for it is painful to use such language about so good a man. But if St. Francis of Assisi had been made president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, he too would have made a miserable president. Our enthusiasm for Francis might cause us to say the Chase Bank was not worthy of him, and the failure was really the institution's, not the saint's. Let us agree that the world is not worthy of Dwight Eisenhower. But the world is as it is, and Dwight Eisenhower served as one of its princes, and the world paid him no heed. None at all. And the world is worse off, by far, than when he came to power, sustained by the sentimental faith of millions of people, who thought that his goodness would irradiate out to the cynical reaches of our darkening globe, and renew in the hearts of the great malefactors the spirit of goodness.

As it happened, Eisenhower, when he was not the laughingstock of the troublemakers, was the explicit object of their contempt. Nikita Khrushchev, to whom he tendered a civility St. Francis might have shrunk from showing to a rabid dog, responded with violence and disdain. With surpassing skill, Khrushchev turned to the advantage of the Communist Revolution the lethargy, indecision and ignorance of the goodhearted man providence inflicted on the West. The Communists had the measure of Dwight Eisenhower, the man who could not—by his own admission—hold his own against Marshal Zhukov when they used to argue together, as military commanders in Berlin, the relative merits of Communism and freedom.

It was Dwight Eisenhower who concluded in Korea not merely an unwise treaty, but a strategically indefensible peace which has left us, as one of its legacies, the present bitterness of Laos. It was Eisenhower who stood impotently by and let Hungary go, the effective certification by the West of Communism's enduring right to its postwar conquests; he

For the Record

Not reported by the press, tentative feelers between Liberal Democrats, Liberal Republicans for a more formal relationship in Congress to offset conservative two-party bloc. . . . Texas Democrats bringing pressure on Martin Dies to run for Lyndon Johnson's seat, now occupied by William Blakley, a Texas conservative who alienated many by his support of Kennedy-Johnson ticket. . . . Senator Fulbright (D. Ark.) opposed to legislation to raise minimum wage, despite Democratic campaign promises, at this time. . . . Bad news: the Federal Government will write out 20 million more checks in 1961 than it did in '60 (when it issued 407 million).

A three-man CBS news team told a Dallas audience (Jan. 3) that it is absolutely necessary to recognize Red China; confided to group that Kennedy Administration secretly hopes Red China can be admitted to UN. . . . Peiping, full of good will, announced it would not shell Quemoy, Matsu, New Year's Eve or New Year's Day (both being odd days on which they are committed not to shell anyway).

Regardless of outcome of Laotian crisis, military men feel massive air drops to Communist guerrillas mean future troubles. . . . Algerian rebels calling on Algerians to boycott de Gaulle referendum. . . . Certain members of powerful CGT, French Communist trade union federation, refusing to order union membership to vote "no" on referendum. . . . In first nine months, 1960, Algerian terrorists killed nearly 3,000 persons in Metropolitan France, wounded 7,287.

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who stood by while Red China consolidated its hold over the wretched masses of Asia; he who instituted those pernicious circumlocutions that go by the name of "cultural" and "economic" exchange. He, indeed, who invited Khrushchev to come over here to test, at first hand, the moral idiocy of the leadership of the West.

At home, radiant with good will, he failed. Under Eisenhower the forces that gnaw at the strength of our country grew stronger—the bureaucratic parasites, the labor union monopolists, the centralizers. He resisted some of the more radical impulses of the totalists, but his resistance was so theoretically anemic as to leave us disarmed. When the time came to defend ourselves against those who would push us further toward Socialism, all we had to offer was the mechanical reincarnation of Mr. Eisenhower's Progressive Moderation, Richard Nixon. Oh Lord!

Let him have peace, even though he has brought neither peace nor hope to the millions of slaves around the world to whom he once spoke of liberation. Let him have peace, even though our own soldiers—we think of the RB-47 fliers who are captive in Soviet prisons—are abandoned. Even though there is less peace at home than there was eight years ago. (Under Eisenhower, James Hoffa and Earl Warren held sway.) Let him have peace in Gettysburg, and fade away in the illusion that the world responded to his goodness, that those cheering crowds in Karachi and Bonn, London and Manila, were the reciprocal of his loftiness. We pray he will never realize what a total, desperate failure he was, compared with what he might have been. We would not wish to visit so bitter a perception on any man, let alone a good man.

The Federal Way

One of Mr. Kennedy's first acts after election day was to ask Mr. James M. Landis, former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and former dean of the Harvard Law School, to make a study of the dozens of federal agencies that regulate business. Last week Mr. Landis handed in his report, which charged every regulatory agency with some degree of inefficiency. He twits the Interstate Commerce Commission for writing decisions based on unknown sources and reached without benefit of reasoning. He finds the Civil Aeronautics Board guilty of inordinate delay, unnecessary complication, malversation, and aimlessness. He accuses the Federal basis of useless evidence. He sees in the Federal Communications Commission of drifting, vacillating and stalling, says it is incapable of policy planning, and charges that it litigates unreal questions on the Power Commission the outstanding breakdown of the administrative process and a contemptuous refusal to discharge its responsibilities.

So far so good, we say. What Mr. Landis says is true, and then some. We would also add that by the strangest of coincidences the industries regulated by the federal masterminds—airlines, railroads, pipelines and broadcasters—come close to the bottom of the list as far as profits are concerned. The reason for their miserable record, as anyone in these industries will tell you, is that they have been overregulated.

So it's a nasty shock to see Mr. Landis, after describing the failure of the regulatory agencies, recommend as a solution the creation of still more; of higher-level, better-paid regulatory agencies. He would create a White House office for transportation, another for communications, another for energy, and a fourth to oversee all the other regulatory agencies. This attempt to put the regulatory agencies under the control of the White House runs directly counter to the original intent of Congress, which set up the granddaddy of them all, the ICC, in business in 1887 as a subsidiary of the Congress just to take charge of the details of the laws made by Congress. Mr. Landis would give to the White House not only the power to name the regulatory directors but also the power to remove them. Franklin Roosevelt tried to wield this power in the golden days of our demise, but the Supreme Court (see what we mean about golden days?) reversed the action. If Mr. Kennedy must persist in aping the Great Man, he certainly picked a fine adviser.

The Problems of Dr. Heller

Walter Heller, the new chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, leaps into the national scene from the economics department of the University of Minnesota. Described as the prototype of the Liberal intellectual, with New Dealish leanings, he espouses the Liberal orthodoxy of low interest rates, forced growth, progressive taxation, and full employment. Dr. Heller recently enlarged the concept of economics along endaemonistical lines: "Devoted to a self-indulgent scramble for material goods," says Dr. Heller, "economic abundance might even, on balance, intensify our many-faceted social-welfare problem. But devoted in generous measure to investment in human beings—in their education, training, health and well-being—economic growth can become synonymous with improvement in human welfare."

One cannot suppress a smile at the notion of those fleets of Cadillac limousines parked outside a White House crammed full of Liberal economists wringing their hands about tailfins and such. Other wry

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thoughts pop up. Tobacco, for instance, has never been proved to be a positive aid to health. If economic growth is synonymous with things like health, then economic resources applied to smoking are a sinful act against the state. But government support of tobacco prices will be humanitarian, because it keeps the tobacco farmers happy. We'll just stockpile tobacco. And maybe booze. Except for heart problems, Washington cocktail parties, Navy rations, and other national goals. We expect Dr. Heller to redesign the statistical analysis, in terms of dollars, of our progress in education, training, health and well-being. We might even have a special Well-Being Index, which must grow at 6 per cent per year.

And what will Dr. Heller do with the rich man who is unhealthy but who keeps on working like crazy, literally working himself to death, simply because he wants to go that way? Will Dr. Heller require the rich man to take a rest, improve his health, so that the Well-Being Index will hit its appointed 6 per cent increase? And if so, will Dr. Heller use general tax funds to pay for the rich man's vacation, or will he require the rich man to use his own funds? Will the Education Index include basket-weaving in its 6 per cent yearly increase? Well, it's almost funny. We're supposed to be the best-educated, best-trained, healthiest, happiest nation on earth—and it makes Dr. Heller sad, downright sad.

One thing redeems us: we look forward to having a lot of fun with Dr. Heller and his colleagues over the next few years. Take off your glasses, Professor. The question period is about to start, and we're sitting in the front row.

The Demolition of Operation Abolition

Washington, Jan. 3. The Communist-supported drive to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities has failed. While no objective observer ever expected the House of Representatives would actually abolish the Committee, the failure of Operation Abolition was far more complete than anyone could dare to hope. Rep. James Roosevelt (D.-Cal.), who was scheduled to enter a resolution calling for the abolition of HUAC on the opening day of Congress, announced over the New Year's weekend that he had reconsidered, and would ask only for closer scrutiny of the Committee's appropriations. And the mass abolitionist rally (January 2, in Washington) turned instead into a demonstration of support for the Committee—with pro-HUAC pickets outnumbering the anti-HUAC forces nearly 2 to 1.

Young Americans for Freedom sent several busloads of enthusiastic young people from New York to counter the moves of the Operation Abolition forces. They were joined in the capital by delegations and members of other organizations, from Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia. Totalling more than 400, they picketed the abolitionist pickets at Lafayette Park, adjacent to the White House. They were greeted on Capitol Hill by Rep. Francis E. Walter, chairman of the House Committee. They picketed again when Dr. Willard Uphaus addressed the abolitionists that evening.

In the abolitionist camp, only 212 pickets turned up, according to police count, though previous estimates and predictions had ranged from 500 to 2,000. Faces were glum. Not only had Jimmy Roosevelt backed out on them; they now had to face the new experience of being picketed themselves, and of being outnumbered at that.

Their evening meeting looked more like a funeral than a rally. Some listened apathetically and others slept while Burton White, Aubrey Williams and Dr. Uphaus went through their regular scripts. Dr. Uphaus, fresh out of jail in New Hampshire, may have stumbled onto a new national movement, when he reported that "thousands of prisoners" were being kept behind bars in substandard jails; but the program was pretty flat. The evening's activities ended as the picketers filed silently into their buses. The air was filled not with the radical-labor songs they usually sing, but with the resounding chants of the anti-Communist pickets that surrounded their buses.

An important aspect of the affair is the fact that this was the first experience of Young Americans for Freedom in organizing a picket line; and they planned it for only two weeks, whereas the radical Left had been planning its demonstrations for months, and had years of experience. A policeman remarked that "this is the first time we've seen anything like this—where the anti-Communists are in the majority." The policemen were among the first to experience the subtle change occurring in the country: the passing of the initiative in political propaganda from the youth of the Left to the youth of the Right.

D. F.

Pearson Smears Again

Last autumn, Mr. Hamer Budge was running for his sixth consecutive term as Representative from the southern district of Idaho. Two years earlier he had won re-election handily despite the opposition of organized labor, and it seemed that the 1960 campaign should present no problem. Nevertheless, Mr. Budge campaigned hard.

On October 16 Drew Pearson's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" carried two sentences on Mr. Budge that changed the course of the campaign. Said Pearson, "Idaho's Representative Hamer 'unbudgetable' Budge, a Rock-of-Gibraltar Republican, is campaigning in Mormon-dominated Southern Idaho as an active Mormon. But in Washington, Budge ordered the ward teachers, who are supposed to visit every Mormon family once a month, to stay away from his home."

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Copies of Pearson's article were then distributed to almost every Mormon family in Mr. Budge's district. Mr. Budge himself did not see the piece until the night before the election. By then it was too late. He lost by a narrow margin.

In a statement published on November 21 Mr. Budge called the Pearson article "completely false." He repeated this charge in a telephone interview with NATIONAL REVIEW last week. Also in his statement he called the AFL-CIO "the moving force" behind his defeat, and he produced reports filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives showing that his opponent, Ralph Harding, had received at least $20,000 in campaign funds from labor groups outside the state.

Mr. Harding, who had maintained throughout the campaign that he received no campaign funds from "outside labor," answered the charge by simply asserting that he and his family had spent even more than that sum. As to the Pearson smear, Mr. Harding was content to say he hadn't seen it. And he regretted, he said, that his opponent "has not accepted his defeat more graciously."

So once again we see the elements of Pearson's hit-and-run tactic, the same elements that NATIONAL REVIEW analyzed in a warning published before the election ["Full Moon for Drew Pearson," October 22, 1960]—the close race between a conservative and a Liberal-laborite; the Pearson smear published so shortly before the election that the victim does not have time to refute it or to force Pearson to retract it; the mysteriously convenient distribution of the copies of the smear to just the right persons in just the right district; the campaign funds from out-of-state labor groups. One final element of the pattern is missing: Pearson's recantation. If he runs according to form, he will retract his charges about a year from now, safely after the date of the damage. And another congressional district will have swung into the Liberal-labor orbit.

Mr. Pearson has excused himself so many times on the grounds that he had his facts wrong, that it is no longer meaningful to draw attention to his flagitious incompetence as a reporter. Everyone knows that. It is time we carried the case one step further. Mr. Pearson exercises his incompetence with noteworthy consistency: always, that is, to the detriment of conservatives. It is a pattern; and patterns are not accidents; someone wills them. And Mr. Pearson mounts his attack in such a way—in the last days of a campaign, and with surreptitious distribution—that the victim cannot defend himself. Again a pattern, not an accident; someone wills it. Out of the patterns of wilful distortion and furtive attack emerges the unassailable conclusion: Mr. Pearson is a liar and a coward.

Samuel M. Levitas, RIP

About the policies expressed in the pages of *The New Leader* there is much argument from both Left and Right, but among those who knew him—there were many thousands of us—there were no disputes about Sol Levitas, who died January 3 after thirty years as *The New Leader's* executive editor. Sol Levitas was a wonderfully likeable human being, so warm and gentle in personal relations that it was hard, sometimes, to believe how unyielding the core of principle was that underlay that surface. He was proud—modestly, unboastfully proud—of his Russian birth, his Jewish heritage, his American citizenship, his democratic socialism that meant for *him* above all a hatred of tyranny and love of freedom, and the magazine that his efforts and shrewdness and sacrifices kept alive; he was a good husband and father and friend.

The New Leader was originally the official journal of the American Socialist Party, but broke away in 1936, when the party leadership began a united front flirtation. Under Sol Levitas' administration, the magazine retained an ideological, though not organizational, link with social democracy, but it became in considerable portion an open forum in which a broad range of distinguished authors, barring only advocates of Communism and Fascism, wrote without editorial restriction. Besides leading Liberals and Socialists—Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, George Orwell, Sidney Hook, David Dallin, Reinhold Niebuhr, Raymond Aron, Ignazio Silone—these included many authors of the Right: among them, William Henry Chamberlin, Max Eastman, James Burnham, Ernest van den Haag, Karl Wittfogel, and other NATIONAL REVIEW contributors. The remarkable fact is that in almost every case these men—such were Sol Levitas' charm and tenacity and wiles—wrote their *New Leader* articles for no payment.

Throughout all cycles of established opinion, in peace and war and cold war, *The New Leader,* sometimes alone in the land, carried the banner of an instructed, active anti-Communism, and this too was Sol Levitas' special doing, for his own informed and burning opposition to the Bolsheviks never wavered from those first years of the Revolution when he fought them in the soviets and streets and prisons of Russia. When the agencies of our government at last, at the end of the thirties, began to wake up to the realities of Communism, they got not a little of their education from the files and memories of Sol Levitas and his associates.

We of NATIONAL REVIEW, who differed from Sol Levitas in a good many of his policies and ideas, mourn the death and honor the memory of a fellowman whose stalwart and humane spirit overflowed every programmatic barrier.

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National Trends

The Challenge to Conservatives, II

L. BRENT BOZELL

This moment of history, despite a new year and a new Administration, is not likely to go down as particularly noteworthy. Except, perhaps, as it affects the conservative movement. As we saw in an earlier installment, the opportunity for a conservative maneuver is not as clearcut as one might have hoped after a Kennedy victory—the survival of Nixon and the election's failure to discredit Republican me-tooism being the main points of clutter. Still, the movement has an essentially new strategic situation today, and it's a fundamentally healthy one. For eight years, the movement has necessarily been on the lead-strings of the Left. With Eisenhower Republicans in power, conservatives were, from every point of view, a captive faction. They could protest, but there was no requirement on anyone to listen. They could counsel, but could not develop any direction of their own. They could plot, but as long as the GOP—their natural vehicle to power—was still running and was in the opposition's hands, any direct bids for power were bound to fail. Worse still, they could not even build; for powerful forces among them fostered down-the-line support of the Republican leadership, as a lesser evil. Now the movement is provisionally emancipated. What it does and where it goes are essentially matters of its own choosing.

Bozell

Some of these decisions we can hopefully anticipate:

1. *The movement will keep its eye on the target, which is national power.* And a corollary: it will not be in so great a hurry to reach the target as to lose the main chance. The temptation will be to go for broke in 1964—to subordinate everything between now and then to an effort to nominate Senator Goldwater for President and elect him. The Goldwater effort must, of course, be made but it runs two major risks that should be kept in mind. The first is that attaching supreme importance to winning in 1964 may entail the kind of commitments to the Republican Party that will find the conservative movement, once again, the tail to the party's kite. Concretely, an attitude that four more years of Kennedy must be prevented at all costs will surely commit the movement to the party's nominee, which is likely to be Nixon, and may even be Rockefeller. The movement's build-up and bid *should* be so paced as to make the party a reliable instrument of conservatism, not the other way around.

The other danger is that Goldwater will get the nomination, but under the wrong circumstances. It is too early to concede the point, but maybe the chips will fall right for the Democrats in the next four years, and maybe Kennedy will ride into 1964 on a high crest of popularity. In that case, Goldwater might not find the nomination so hard to get after all. It would be a matter partly of his rival's not wanting it, and partly of the other crowd very much wanting Goldwater to get it. What better way to deliver the conservative movement a crippling, "We told you so" defeat? The main chance may occur, in other words, eight years from now rather than four.

2. *It will organize itself with all possible speed into a cohesive political force.* The movement can no longer afford the luxury of several dozen particularistic splinter groups, any more than it can afford to be a mere appendage of the Republican Party. The organization must be national in scope with sufficient authority in its governing body to provide a measure of uniformity in strategy and tactics. Some looseness in doctrine, given the existing divisions in conservatism's philosophical house, will be the necessary price for tightness in organization and action, and it must be paid. The purpose here is political *action*—at all levels—so that the fostering of state and community branches becomes a first order of business. None of this is easy; happily however, some steps are now being taken to make the concept more than a dream.

3. *It will preserve its freedom of action. I.e.,* its ties with the Republican organization will be, as a practical matter, severable—ideally at a moment's notice. The idea is not to lead a march out of the party, though it could one day come to that. But rather to place that possibility at the forefront of the party's mind, so that henceforward it is unrealistic for the GOP high command to assume that conservatives can be counted on, no matter what. Such mobility requires a two-phase operation: a prodigious above-board infiltration of the Republican organization from the *bottom up,* plus the independent conservative organization, made up of these very infiltrators. With a modicum of discipline and sense of purpose, this dual-lifed conservative cadre could be an effective force.

4. *It will concentrate its resources in areas of natural advantage.* The reference is both to people and geography. The key people are young people: the conservative foothold in the colleges is now an established fact. The advantage should be single-mindedly pressed—not to furnish bodies for convention hoopla, but to staff a continuing, long-range movement that has the best years of its life ahead of it. The geography point follows from the spread of the recent election: forget the industrialized East, and remember that any chance of a Goldwater victory depends on successful conservative drives in Ohio, Illinois, California.

5. *It will draw from its mind and heart—to complement the vital ideology of freedom—a substantive vision of the political, economic and social orders.* The promise of freedom, alone, is neither internally satisfying nor politically marketable. We don't like the shape of the Communists' world or the Liberals'. But what shape will conservatives make it? Once we secure our freedom, what will we do with it?

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Senator Goldwater Speaks His Mind

Why did Nixon lose? What were his principal mistakes? Why did the Republicans lose the South? What will the GOP do in 1964? Will Goldwater run for President? The Senator answers questions with his customary candor.

An Interview with
L. Brent Bozell

Q. (1) *To what do you attribute Vice President Nixon's failure to win the election? What might he have done differently that would have changed the results?*

A. There were several things done by Mr. Nixon that I think resulted in his defeat. The first was visiting Rockefeller, thereby alienating the conservatives. While a great many conservatives voted, there were sufficient numbers who were not sold, and who remained mad at Nixon for his New York visit, to have made the difference between victory and defeat. The second was, of course, agreeing to the television debates and the dire result of those appearances. I think if Nixon had taken a Republican platform without trying to influence its content, and if he had campaigned strongly against the Kennedy domestic and foreign planks, things might have been different.

Q. (2) *You have suggested that Nixon could have won the South with a different strategy. But, given his previous position on civil rights, what could he have done to win over more Southerners than he did? And which states could he have switched into his column?*

A. If Lodge had not made his unfortunate statement and if Javits had not appeared on television pledging Nixon to every federal weapon known, the South would have been more in his pocket. By the way, we did better in the South this time than ever before. We should have had South Carolina and North Carolina, but Lodge's statement definitely cost us those two.

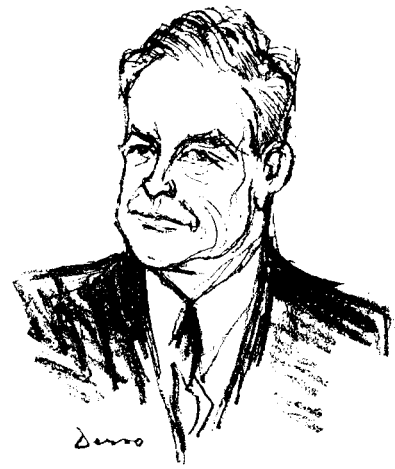
Q. (3) *Forgetting for a moment the South and civil rights, what states that Nixon lost could he have won by greater emphasis on party differences? Would he have* kept *Ohio and California?*

A. If he had campaigned on the great differences in the platform in the domestic and foreign policy fields, he could have won every state, in my opinion, with the possible exceptions of New York, Michigan and Massachusetts.

Q. (4) *Did Nixon miss the boat on foreign policy? Would he have gotten more votes, from Catholics for example, by a hardhitting approach to the Soviet Union and Communism?*

A. A hardhitting approach to foreign policy pointing out the real dangers behind Kennedy's stand on Quemoy and Matsu would have gotten him more votes from many sources, not just Catholic. This was supposed to have been the great strength of the Nixon team, and it proved to be one of its weaker points because neither Nixon nor Lodge emphasized Communism enough.

Q. (5) *There is an important difference between the type of campaign that makes the Republican Party* appear *to be very different from the Democratic through vigorous attacks on extremist proposals of left-wing Democrats, and the type of campaign that forthrightly espouses conservative positions. Many conservatives have criticized Nixon for not waging the first type of campaign. But would he have been wise to wage the second—to have attacked the welfare state, farm price supports, the labor monopoly; or to have championed states' rights in the field of education, or militant anti-Sovietism in foreign policy?*



Senator Barry Goldwater

A. The general answer to this question is "yes." I think the country has long been ready to support a conservative candidate willing to take a stand on the issues.

Kennedy and Radicalism

Q. (6) *Do you expect the Kennedy Administration to pursue the radicalism of the Democratic platform, or to settle for more moderate programs now that the election is won?*

A. Kennedy is now showing signs of carrying out what he told Southern voters, namely, that he had to accept the Democratic platform in order to get nominated, but that he would not carry out its provisions. His careful selection of cabinet members causes me to believe that he is proceeding cautiously, and more conservatively than people expected him to.

Q. (7) *Can Republicans and Southern Democrats put an effective brake on the Kennedy Administration? Concretely, will the congressional "coalition" be as effective as it has been in the past without the backstop of Eisenhower's veto power?*

A. The coalition will be stronger than it has been, and many of our Republicans who had to vote to the

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left because of positions of leadership in the minority will now tend to vote more conservatively. I think the coalition will be a very effective force.

Q. (8) *Will the conservatives' strategy in Congress consist mainly in blocking Kennedy extremism, or will attempts be made to formulate positive conservative programs—labor and tax reform measures, for example—even though such programs are almost sure to be rejected or vetoed?*

A. Conservatives must formulate positive programs regardless of what may happen to them, for one of the weaknesses of the conservative performance has been too much verbal criticism and too little conservative action on proposals for action. I am in hopes that much conservative legislation will be introduced and debated.

Q. (9) *Parenthetically, what are the prospects of reform of the electoral college?*

A. I think the prospects of reform are good, but this requires an amendment and will not be quickly done.

Q. (10) *What are the chances of injecting more conservative blood into the Republican National Committee? Is any overhauling contemplated in the party's lower echelons?*

A. There is already much conservative blood in the National Committee. It simply hasn't been circulating, and I think with a new heart, the thaw will come, and then the conservative approach will permeate party decisions.

GOP Advisory Group

Q. (11) *Do Republicans contemplate forming a policy group along the lines of the Democratic Advisory Council to help devise a "party line" during the next four years?*

A. I hope not, and I have so advised the National Chairman and the Vice President. The group charged with the direction of the Republican Party is the National Committee, not some advisory group that knows nothing of politics.

Q. (12) *Turning to political prospects, what are the possibilities of developing an effective North-South conservative coalition outside of Congress? In other words, is overt collaboration between Republicans and Southern Democrats, on a much larger scale than heretofore, feasible for the 1964 campaign? Or is the best hope of winning the South to work within existing Republican organizations?*

A. The best hope of winning the South is to continue to get young leaders there who are dedicated and who will work as they have been working. I think the best hope of winning any place is to work within the Republican organization and stop setting up false fronts which really don't improve Republican chances.

Q. (13) *Do you expect Richard Nixon to be a candidate for President in 1964?*

A. It's too early to say, but I doubt it.

Q. (14) *Is Nixon advised to run for Governor of California in 1962? Will he be able to assert a claim to the Presidential nomination if he does not do so and win?*

A. In my opinion, Nixon cannot claim a position of leadership in the party unless he can speak from an elected job, and he has told me that as of now he has not made up his mind about 1962 and running.

Rockefeller's Chances

Q. (15) *What are Governor Rockefeller's chances of being re-elected in 1962? If he is defeated, will he be definitely out of contention for the Presidential nomination?*

A. I can't assess the Governor's chances. I live in Arizona, he lives in New York, but if he is defeated, he will certainly be out of the running for the nomination.

Q. (16) *Should Rockefeller drop out of the picture, whom do you envision as the new champion of Republican Liberals? Senator Case? Nixon? Another?*

A. I would say Senator Case in this condition.

Q. (17) *Can you say now whether you will be a candidate for President in 1964?*

A. No, I can't say.

Q. (18) *Would you accept nomination for Vice President?*

A. I can't say.

Q. (19) *What is your advice to "lay" conservatives? What can they do most profitably between now and 1964? Would you greatly object if some of them should conspire to secure your nomination for the Presidency?*

A. Conservatives should work within the framework of the Republican Party to the end that delegates, precinct committeemen and so on are of the conservative mind. They cannot achieve this goal unless they quit standing on the outside throwing rocks. They must, in effect, get in the tent and join the battle. Then I think the conservatives can win. If they continue to fight themselves, they will have no party left to argue with. The party will die.

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A Beat Reflection on Jack's Selection

Like the hairdo picked some real grade-A winners man.

Like that Eleanor chick's on cloud nine since her prophet without honor finally got himself another full-time taxpayer-paid job.

Like the dean now has more green.

Like Harvard's loss is the world's.

Like those hairdo cats can melt down their Phi Beta Kappa keys to stop the gold go daddy-o.

Like what's good for Ford is good for the United States.

Like to get on top man you gotta have connections and blood is thicker than water and all that jazz.

Like when does the clan get its share of the loot?

VERITAS JR.

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An Informal Inquiry Into

The Testament of Vanzetti

1. "If it had not been for these things I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words, our lives, our plans, nothing! The taking of our lives, lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all. That last moment belongs to us. That agony is our triumph.

—Some of Bartolomeo Vanzetti's last words, spoken a few months before his execution, and celebrated ever since as among the most stirring prose sentences ever written.

2. (James Rorty, in the New Leader, *Sept. 26, 1960):* . . . I, who 35 years ago marched in a protest parade before the Massachusetts State House and subsequently denounced Massachusetts justice in an extremely bad poem, believed [the] denials [of Sacco and Vanzetti]. In fact, their apparent sincerity constituted my chief reason for doubting that the "good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler" who were obviously not ordinary criminals, had violated and traduced their own normally gentle natures by participating in the South Braintree murder and robbery.

These doubts were renewed when, after reading Robert Montgomery's honest and able reappraisal of the court record [*Sacco and Vanzetti, The Murder and the Myth,* Devin Adair], I re-read the letters and speeches of Sacco and Vanzetti assembled in 1928 by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. The documents are as eloquent and convincing today as when I first read them. Before he was sentenced, Vanzetti said:

"I am innocent, not only of the Braintree crime, but also of the Bridgewater crime. . . . I am not only innocent of these two crimes, but in all my life I have never stolen and I have never killed, never spilled blood, but I have struggled all my life, since I began to reason, to eliminate crime from the earth."

He was preceded by Sacco, who said:

"I never knew, never heard, even read in history anything so cruel as this Court. After seven years prosecuting they still consider us guilty. And these gentle people are here arrayed with us in this court today. I know the sentence will be between two classes, the oppressed class and the rich class, and there will always be collision between one and the other. We fraternize the people with books, with the literature. You persecute the people, tyrannize them and kill them. We try the education of people always. You try to put a path between us and some other nationality that hates each other. That is why I am here today on this bench, for having been of the oppressed class. Well, you are the oppressor. As I said before, Judge Thayer know all my life, and he know that I am never guilty never—not yesterday, not today, nor forever."

There is nothing qualified or evasive about these denials. Were Sacco and Vanzetti genuinely innocent, or could they deny the truth with such passion because they felt they served a higher truth—the cause to which they were dedicated? Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, and their creed was not just a philosophical exercise. . .

What one concludes from [Montgomery's] book is that Sacco and Vanzetti were in all probability guilty, and that certainly, in view of the numerous appeals and the hearings by the Governor [of Massachusetts] and the Lowell Committee [a committee headed by President Lowell of Harvard] the full resources of Massachusetts justice were expended in their behalf. But there remains that inextinguishable doubt. . . . [deriving from the passion and eloquence of their denials].

3. (William F. Buckley, Jr. in the American Legion Magazine, *October, 1960):* . . . Why the continuing interest? Because, for one thing, both Sacco and Vanzetti, though mostly Vanzetti, developed into magnetic, expressive men, as they sat, year after year, behind bars, moving toward their final rendezvous with an awesome inexorability. The functional pidgin English of Vanzetti was transmuted in some of his letters into a dirge on our time of almost overpowering eloquence, and all the world was struck, and remains so, by the fierce serenity of his final testament. . . . And there is Sacco's final letter to his son: *"Remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness, don't you use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step at your side, and help the weak ones that cry for help, help the persecuted and the victim, because they are your better friends. . . ."* This is a lesson for all of us, surely, murderers and non-murderers alike.

These clearly were mythogenic men. And if indeed they were innocent, how sublime their ordeal! . . . It remains true that notwithstanding the experience of the ages, it continues to be hard for sensitive men to believe that other sensitive men can be guilty of atrocities, a premise, incidentally, not unrelated to the failure of our foreign policy to cope with the Soviet Union these last 40 years. It *cannot* be demonstrated that men capable of writing the lines of Sacco and Vanzetti are *not* capable of pumping bullets into the body of an innocent paymaster and his guard; just as it cannot, alas, be demonstrated that men of such fragile sensibilities as Whittaker Chambers, and Arthur Koestler, *could not have been* agents of violent revolutionary socialism.

4. Professor Henry Paolucci
600 West 111th St., New York, N.Y.
Dear Henry:

The thought has passed through my suspicious head that Sacco and Vanzetti's famous last testaments might

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have been ghosted. I say this because the mistakes in syntax are neither convincing nor consistent. For instance, there is the studied omission of the final "d" to complete the past participle, the first part of which never seemed to daunt Vanzetti. One would think that the whole of the past participle form would be mastered before one could learn to handle such grammatical subtleties as were consummated in the testaments.

You may not be aware of it, but in the last few months a great many people have been shaken by the evidence that Sacco and Vanzetti actually were the South Braintree murderers, most of which has been marshalled by Robert Montgomery in his book. But many of these people shrink from believing the evidence because they are so overwhelmed by the beauty of the prose, which they flatly conclude is inconsistent with the suggestion that Sacco and Vanzetti were murderers.

I wonder whether or not you would be so good as to read over the enclosed material with the possibility in mind of exploring by hard textual analysis the hypothesis that Sacco and Vanzetti used a ghost (heaven knows there were enough of them around — every litterateur in the country paid court to them). I enclose an article I wrote for the *American Legion Magazine*, a review by James Rorty of the Montgomery book, and one or two odds and ends . . .

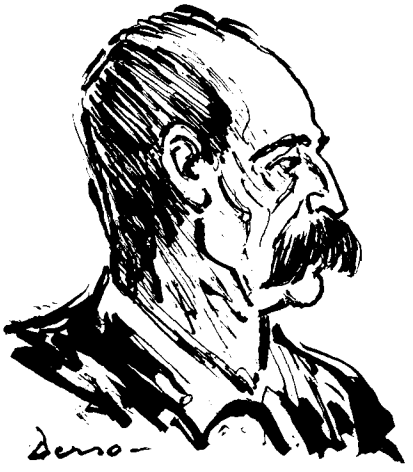
Yours cordially [etc.],
Bill
(Wm. F. Buckley Jr.)

5. William F. Buckley Jr.
150 East 35th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Bill:

The project you suggest—to explore by hard textual analysis the possibility that Sacco and Vanzetti used a ghost—is certainly interesting. But, after reading the two articles you sent me, and proceeding thereafter to read several hundred pages of Sacco-Vanzetti writings and reported statements (as well as Montgomery's book) I am afraid I must conclude that examination of one utterance will do as well as examination of a thousand for making up one's mind on the subject.

The "most famous paragraph in



Vanzetti

the Vanzetti testament" cited in your article [*supra*], for instance, is not from any writing of Vanzetti that could be closely examined. In fact, it was admittedly ghosted—though by a self-authenticating ghost. Philip D. Stong of the North American Newspaper Alliance interviewed Vanzetti in April 1927 [six years after Sacco-Vanzetti's conviction, three months before their sentencing, four months before their execution], taking shorthand notes in the margin of a newspaper; and that paragraph is alleged to be a direct quotation thus transcribed. Robert Weeks, in *Commonwealth* vs. *Sacco and Vanzetti*, a collection of documents, reports (p. 227) that an English weekly, reviewing the *Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti*, expressed doubt that Vanzetti ever made the statement in question, which "will bear comparison to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Interviewer Stong wrote a letter (in the *Saturday Review*, May 11, 1929) defending the authenticity of his "direct quotation" and dismissing in anticipation the "honesty" of the kind of philological examination you propose. I cite the relevant passages:

> Against the charge of ingenious journalism, brought against those paragraphs, I must enter a regretful denial. I cannot write that well. It seems to me that the internal evidence of that interview is sufficient to convince any honourably disposed person of its authenticity. The change of number in the pronoun was beautifully characteristic of Vanzetti. "I" unmarked, unknown, a failure—but "Our" career, triumph, work for tolerance and justice. I must confess to contributing the exclamation marks in the next paragraph. It would have been better to have left those out, for Vanzetti did not actually use them. He was not making a speech, or delivering dying words, or anything of the sort.

Incidentally, the words you transcribe as "justice" and "understanding" in the Vanzetti statement read "joostice" and "onderstanding" in the set of documents I consulted. Also, the punctuation in the Sacco letter you cite [*supra*] is different in the version I have, and the word "persecuted" reads "prosecuted."

In other words, we have your suspected ghost. But, as you well know, the Sacco-Vanzetti myth is not at all built up on the authenticity of its documents, and one merely provides new building blocks by being suspicious of their authenticity. Surely your "suspicious head" is already serving as a buttress, and bound copies of NR are probably right now being mixed with cement to be used for strengthening shaky foundations here and there.

You are very right in the example you give in support of your suspicion. "I might have live. . . .," "I might have die. . . .," are surely Stong's contribution — although Vanzetti might well have said (if he said anything of the sort) "I maybe live," "I maybe die." It is the use of the "have" with the "live" that is not typically Italo-American. The old Italo-Americans I know say "I live ten years in Yonkers," "I work fifteen months. . ." But all of this is of little account when one turns from speech to writing. In the letters allegedly written by Vanzetti there is not a studied omission of the final d in the past participles. Sacco too writes in the farewell letter to his daughter: "I could have lived with you," "I have wished to see," "I have lived for it."

But all these matters are extremely complex. Books reproducing documents of the case are not always careful to state which is original and what is translated. Many of the "learned" letters of Vanzetti include some paragraphs that might have been written by a political scientist and others that are crudely illiterate. The records of the court stenographer, too, show marked variations in technique of transcription.

It might be worth while to remind readers that Vanzetti did not actually write that "most famous paragraph," but I do not think careful textual

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analysis on a large scale would prove much. I must admit, however, that having studied [Laurentius] Valla's "exposure" of the Donation of Constantine [the Emperor Constantine's alleged consignment to the Pope Silvester and his successors of temporal dominion over Rome, etc.], and after having read thousands of pages of philological criticism of Old Testament and Homeric texts, I have become an outspoken critic of the pretensions of philology. At least once a year I repeat the story of the learned philologist who, after years of study, succeeded in demonstrating conclusively that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were not written by Homer at all, as people have long believed, but by an entirely different poet of the same name.

So you see, I am not emotionally qualified to discover ghosts by means of philology.

Let me add, however, that I think it is a mistake to attempt to "cut down" the ideal stature of the mythical martyrs. As you say at the close of your article, "it is hard for sensitive men to believe that other sensitive men can be guilty of atrocities." But you must not shrink from the hard task of proving it. It can be demonstrated that the humanitarian sentiments of Vanzetti, expressed in what you call "a lesson for all of us, surely, murderers and non-murderers alike," are not only compatible with pumping bullets into the body of an innocent paymaster, but are in fact an expression of the ultimate cause of all murder, of all crime and sin. St. Augustine has demonstrated this in his writings distinguishing the "two cities." The tale of Adam's preference for his fellowman, Eve, in the Garden of Eden is the religious text. Mankind's love of self is original sin. That is the sublime open-secret of the Judaic religion. The commandment, Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself, is very like those Greek oracular utterances that served to trip up the proud. If you love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, even unto contempt of self (*usque ad contemptum sui*, as Augustine says) it is easy to love thy neighbor as thyself. But when that deceptive second law is interpreted absolutely, as Sacco-Vanzetti and their humanitarian defenders interpreted it, to mean "Love thy fellowmen with all thy heart," it becomes selfishness raised to the nth power, the ultimate motive of all the evil that rich and poor, strong and weak, conservatives and liberals, and even you and I can commit.

Self-love begs, borrows, cheats, steals, rapes and murders to gratify itself; it forms gangs, corporations, unions and states to do so more effectively. Order emerges with states, however, because they are able to restrain lesser manifestations of selfishness internally, while checking one another externally by a balance of power. But the wild dream of self-love, even when it is most impotent, is to eliminate organized restraints. When it cannot command men, it urges them to sever the ties that bind them to groups—as Sacco and Vanzetti urged—arguing that, once freed from restraints, men will spontaneously love, not eat their fellowmen, as rumor has it they are doing in the liberated Congo today.

That a pair of Italian anarchists on trial for murder should have resorted, on the advice of their lawyers, to humanitarian pleas and complaints against oppressors is readily understandable. But that the American intelligentsia (enjoying the highest gift organized society can bestow—leisure to study) should have fawned upon them, treasuring their utterances, dedicating an altar of humanitarian self-love in their name, and offering with outraged sensibilities to sacrifice upon it judge and jury, Harvard and the people of Massachusetts—that would be utterly inexplicable, had we no tale of Adam's fall and of Abraham's self-denial to illuminate our darkened minds.

Let the liberals keep their mythical martyrs and their devil's banner. It is their ideal, not any abuse of it, that is wrong. (But I speak on St. Augustine's, not my own authority. . . .)

Sincerely,
Henry
(Henry Paolucci)

The Gold Problem

It is Sunday evening in a New York apartment on Central Park West. The husband, sunk deep into the foam of his TV chair, listens intently to a panel of sociologists brought together by David Susskind. His wife lounges on an enormous crescent-shaped, gold-on-gold, French provincial Castro convertible. She is doing her nails.

SHE: Myron, talk to me about gold.
HE: (*with irritation*) Sylvia, I'm just in the middle with Faubus . . .
SHE: Integration. I know. It's with gold I'm fuzzy-wuzzy. Talk to me.
HE: (*gets up, turns volume down, speaks slowly as to a child*) You know what's the gold standard?
SHE: Like in *Inherit the Wind?*
HE: No. Like in Fort Knox. In Europe, they want payment in gold, now. It's good business. The dollar . . .
SHE: Myron, I think its Eichmann.
HE: Sylvia, Eichmann has nothing to do with it, but nothing. It's a balance problem. That's why Eisenhower stopped the Army dependents from . . .
SHE: So now they're breaking up families?
HE: Sylvia, with governments, sentiment's out. Now, Eisenhower tried to get the Germans to help by . . .
SHE: Don't shout, Myron. Why should Adenauer say no? Did we win or did we win? I mean, who won the war?
HE: Sylvia, it's not who won. It's a production problem . . .
SHE: My hairdresser had Mrs. Wolf under the drier yesterday and she just got back from Israel and she says that Eichmann's . . .
HE: Sylvia, Eichmann's in jail! Now listen. Kennedy's going to follow the same tight money policies that . . .
SHE: Jackie's adorable! Selma says the same woman on 73rd Street makes her dresses as makes Mitzi Gaynor, and that . . .
HE: (*putting his hand on his stomach*) Sylvia, I'm getting that cramp again. Is it gold you're wanting or Selma because . . .
SHE: Selma voted for Nixon.
HE: I don't believe it.
SHE: Why should she lie? It's the father. Selma says in 1936 . . .
HE: With Selma I couldn't care less. Now if it's gold—otherwise, shut up, Sylvia, please. The intermission's just . . .
SHE: That Eichmann's smart. Selma says Krupp and I. G. Farben . . .
HE: So all right!
SHE: Don't shout, Myron. If you can't discuss intelligently, go back to the TV.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Third World War

From a Cold War Notebook

JAMES BURNHAM

Munich. Continuing scandals—zealously kept from the notice of the U.S. taxpayers, who pay the bills—rock the multi-million-dollar Radio Free Europe organization. Eric Hazelhof, boss of RFE's operating center here, has been compelled to resign, along with the personnel director, M. C. MacNeill, and David Penn, a political consultant. The immediate occasion was a protest by 28 Czech and Slovak employees against Hazelhof's appointment of Oswald Kostrba as head of the Czechoslovak section. The protesters claimed that Kostrba was incompetent, opposed to RFE's goals, and compromised by strong pro-Communist links dating back to wartime activities in Benes' entourage. Kostrba was associated with a Communist agent, M. L. Freund (or Frojka), executed by the Russians in the Slansky trial (1952), and with a Bavarian deputy named Frenzel, who has just been arrested by the Bavarian police, in seeming connection with the Kostrba flap. Within the past four years a dozen of RFE's Czech staff have defected to the East. RFE retained M. F. Machacek as its Czech representative in Paris for two years after the French police reported him as an enemy agent, until he too (in 1958) jumped the Curtain. The Bavarian government is so skeptical about RFE people that it refuses them entry to refugee camps.

Burnham

Peiping. The regime now officially confirms—indeed, over-confirms—the collapse of its agriculture program, known for some time to those few observers who keep their minds immune to Communist myth-making. Mao's 1958 Plan called for 375 million tons of cereals. The revised official figures obscurely reported 250 million. The probable true figure was about 200 million. The 1959 Plan called initially for 525 million, subsequently "revised" to 270 million. The actual result was probably less than in 1958. The 1960 Plan was 297 million. The latest admissions, with their reference to "the most catastrophic natural calamities since the founding of the People's Republic," suggest a figure much below either of the two preceding years. The catastrophe which has wrecked Chinese agriculture is not, of course, the "floods, droughts, typhoons, hail and insects" of the communiqué but the People's Communes. (In the autumn of 1958 Peiping asserted that the conservation and irrigation work *already* completed made further floods and droughts impossible. In the same year all the world was told, and most of it believed, that a mighty People's Campaign had eliminated all flies and noxious insects.) The People's Communes and the People's backyard steel furnaces were the two legs of the Great Leap Forward. The furnace program has been quietly liquidated, after accomplishing nothing except the destruction of household pots and pans melted down for scrap. The Communes have brought less food and more starvation. Meanwhile, last week, the American Association for the Advancement of Science devoted two of its convention days to a Symposium on Science in China that took as premises the myths of the Great Leap Forward.

Paris. The latest issue of UNESCO's official magazine, *Courier*, is devoted to racialism. *All* examples of racialism cited are by Western whites: Nazis, Little Rock, Sharpesville, Ku Klux Klan, last spring's wave of swastika painting, etc. There are *no* references to the anti-white outrages of the black Congolese, the anti-Semitic activities of North African Arabs (Egypt, Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria), the Mau Mau terror, the discrimination of light-colored northern Indians against the black Dravidian stock in the south; and none to the notorious fully-documented Soviet anti-Semitism, nor to the Soviet genocide operations against the Volga Germans, Crimean Tatars, etc.

Luanda, Angola. Portugal has always been a hard nut for the Communists to crack. Penetration of the Portuguese areas of Africa (Angola, Mozambique, Guinea, Cabinda, Tomé, Cape Verde) has lagged behind that of the rest of the continent but in the last two years has begun to show results, especially in Angola. In 1956 Moscow operatives took control of an unauthorized but eager Angolan Communist Party. Under the leadership of Mario de Andrade it has developed various stages and offshoots. The main current grouping is the Revolutionary African Front for the National Independence of the Portuguese Colonies (FRAIN), founded in Tunis in January 1960. Since 1958 the major tactic has been to "internationalize the struggle." Andrade and other Angolans have gone to Paris, London and behind the Iron Curtain for training. A Communist—Mathias Migueis—was the "representative of Angola" at the December 1958 Accra Conference of African Peoples. Since last summer, Angolan Communists have been active in Léopoldville, Conakry and London. The world Communist propaganda apparatus has taken on the job of the psychological preparation of world opinion for the "liberation" of the Portuguese territories. The director of this campaign will be rejoicing at what he will regard as his greatest triumph to date: an article ("Portuguese Africa") in the January 2 issue of *Time*, which in its slanting, distortion and selection of data is admirably adapted to the Kremlin's objectives, including, even, the mode of reference to the Angolan "Trial of the Fifty"—a group of African and European subversives, most of them African Communists or international Communist agents posing as "nationalists." When FRAIN was formed a year ago, the mounting of a world "campaign of protest" on this trial was ordered as a primary first mission. Before last week the publicity had been largely confined to the Communists' own press.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Hope for the '60s

THE Liberal Republican Administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower is drawing to an end; in a few days the Liberal Democrat John F. Kennedy will be inaugurated as the 35th President of the United States. As we enter the seventh decade of the twentieth century under continuing Liberal auspices, it may be worth pausing to ask: What are the prospects for conservatism in the years ahead?

Meyer

On the political scene itself there are few hopeful signs—except the emergence of the principled conservative figure in the person of Senator Barry Goldwater. But there is a development of the highest importance which has been taking place over the past decade and is now coming to fruition, a development which is not directly political in itself, but which can be the foundation of immense changes in the political scene. This is the revival of conservative thought in the United States that has taken place over the last half decade, an intellectual movement unparalleled in the last hundred years. It promises to reverse the whole trend of American intellectual history from the days of Lincoln to those of Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower, and to call a halt to the steady retreat of the Western tradition, and its political doctrines of freedom and constitutionalism, before scientism, positivism, and the Liberal collectivist idolatry of the state.

It is paradoxical, although it is not totally unprecedented historically, that such a burst of conservative energy on the intellectual level should occur simultaneously with a continuing and accelerating spread of the influence of Liberalism in the practical political sphere. But although it is a paradox, it is the case. For the first time in modern America, the rising influence among intellectuals is the influence of conservatism. Liberalism is on the defensive—in economics, in political science, in history, in the study of literature, even in the citadel of positivism, the philosophical faculties of our universities.

I do not want to exaggerate. I am not maintaining that the stranglehold of the arid and nihilistic doctrines which for three generations have increasingly permeated American thought is broken—or even that it is on the verge of being broken. That consummation will be achieved only after a long, hard fight. What I do maintain is that the tide has turned and turned unmistakably. No matter how black the progress of events may seem, as the barbarian hammers on the gate from Laos to Cuba, from Berlin to the tower of infamy on the East River; as within our walls principle seems lost in our political life; as we slip bemusedly into acquiescence in collectivism and the tyranny of bureaucracy at home and into acquiescence in appeasement and dishonor in the face of our implacable enemy abroad—the hope of the future is being born before our eyes.

IT IS ideas and beliefs that decide how men will act. I do not underestimate the hard, steel strength of power. Whether for good or evil, it is power which has the next to the last word in the affairs of men—but not the last word. Power is wielded by men, controlled by men, limited by men, as they are guided and inspired by the ideas and beliefs that hold. And this I submit as the truth of the human condition—in the teeth of the prevailing mythology of our century, in the teeth of the behavioral scientists, the psychoanalytic delvers, the Machiavellian calculators of pure power, who stifle the thought of the era with their epicene "research" and masochistic obeisance to whatever ideas or whatever men possess for the moment transitory influence and authority. It is ideas and beliefs that truly reflect the nature of man and his destiny that will in the end decide our future.

Such ideas, such beliefs are on the ascendant. The turn has come. This is no guarantee of victory. It is not for temporal success that we are promised that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against us. For final certainty we can only know that we fight for the right. But the possibility of temporal victory is taking shape; the weapons are being forged; the issue rests in our stamina and courage.

THE WEST and freedom have been at bay before. Persian and Carthaginian, Arab and Turk, as they have felt final victory in their grasp, have been flung back and destroyed, when the West, reinvigorated in its inborn love of freedom, has struck out and conquered. Thermopylae and Salamis, Poitiers and Lepanto, tell the tale.

For men of courage, it is never totally black. We can take example from many a battle against high odds in our long heritage. The Spartans who defended the pass at Thermopylae against the countless myriads of Xerxes died at their post—and saved the West. Calm, firm, with ultimate courage, they stood against the Persian host—and won though they lost. In Housman's lines their example echoes down the centuries:

The King with half the East at heel
is marched from lands of morning;
Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight the air.
And he that stands will die for nought, and home there's no returning.
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed their hair.

Our situation is no more desperate, our enemies no more powerful, than the situations our spiritual ancestors faced, than the enemies they conquered. The great tradition of the West is rising again in idea and belief and image. The weapons with which to fight are in our hands. The future lies in our determination, in our firmness of principle, in the courage with which we gird our will to rise to our destiny.

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Nel Mezzo del Cammin di Nostra Vita

ROBERT DUNCAN

at 42, Simon Rodilla, tile-setter
  "to do something big for America" began
the Watts towers

(this year, 1959, the officials of which city
  having begun condemnation hearings against
  which masterpiece)

three spires
  rising 104 feet bejeweld with glass,
shells, fragments of tile, scavenged
  from the city dump, from sea-wrack,
taller than the Holy Roman Catholic church
  steeples, and, moreover,
inspired; built up from bits of beauty
  sorted out—thirty-three years of it—
the great mitred structure rising
  out of squalid suburbs where the
mind is beaten back to the traffic, ground
  down to the drugstore, the mean regular houses
straggling out of downtown sections
  of imagination defeated. "They're
taller than the church," he told us
  proudly.

Art, dedicated to itself.
The cathedral at Palma too
  soard above church doctrine,
with art-nouveau windows and baldachine by Gaudi
  gathered its children
under one roof of the imagination.

The poem
—the poet,
Charles Olson says
"cannot afford to traffic in any other *sign* than his
  one"
"his self," he says, "the man
"or woman he is" Who? Rodia
  at 81 is through work.
Whatever man or woman he is,
  he is a tower, three towers,
a trinity upraised by him self.
  "Otherwise God does rush in."

Finishd. "There are only his own
  composed forms, and each one
"the issue of the time of the moment of its creation,
"not any ultimate except what he in his heat
"and that instant in its solidity yield";
like the Tower of Jewels at the San Francisco
  World's Fair in 1915, glittering, but
an original, accretion of disregarded
  splendors
resurrected against the rules,
having in this its personal joke; its genius
  misfitting
the expected mediocre; an ecstasy
  of broken bottles
and colord dishes thrown up against whatever piety,
  city ordinance,
plans; risking height.

A fairy citadel,
a fabulous construction out of
  Christianity where Morgan Le Fay
carries the King to her enchanted Isle
  —all glass beads of many colors,
and ricketty towers, concrete gardens,
  that imitate magnificence.

"Art," Burckhardt writes:
"the most arrogant traitor of all"
"putting eyes and ears . . . in place of
  profounder worship"
"substituting figures for feelings."

The rounds contain crowns.
The increases climb by bridges.
The whole
planned to occupy life and allow
for death:
  a skeletal remain
as glory, a raised image, sceptre,
  spectral island, most arrogant—
"to do something big for America"
  Rodia.

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History or Special Pleading?

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Legend says that the president of a leading American university once asked the professors in the department of history to define what it was they were teaching. Apparently more astute and knowledgeable than most, they refused to come up with a definition of exactly what they were professing. Perhaps it was just as well for them; history has proved a notoriously difficult concept to define; and the "idea of history" continues to invite abstruse speculations. Nevertheless there remains on the part of the expert and the inexpert alike a solid conviction that the study of history, however the subject is defined, does have some uses. Estimates of that use range all the way from Thucydides' cautious belief that a knowledge of the past is "an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it" to Lord Acton's forthright declaration that the use of history is to sharpen our conscience.

Harvey Wish's THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN (*Oxford*, $7.50) raises the problem to a new level, since now the question becomes, what is the use of a history of historians? Of course the two questions are best taken together, and out of respect to the method of historians, let us begin with a look at the data. *The American Historian* is substantial and complete: it begins with the unsophisticated and therefore delectable early writers like John Smith and William Bradford and proceeds down to Allan Nevins. All of the great names in between—Bancroft, Parkman, Fiske, McMaster, Adams, Turner, Beard, and others—receive due space if not their due meed of praise. The book moves along like a good historical narrative, notwithstanding some necessary excursions into analysis.

The reader soon becomes aware, however, that Mr. Wish has an axe to grind. Despite attention to the strict business of relation and despite an ability to enter momentarily into views with which he is unsympathetic for the purposes of exposition, Mr. Wish's ideological premises are in clear view throughout. The result is that his work is not simply a history of historians; it is also a critique of them. In his conclusion the author expresses a hope for "a more meticulous and critical search for a reasonable view of the past." Evidently "reason" is his trump word, and accordingly one must look for the "reasonable" position from which his critique is presented.

This is largely and flatly that of modern dogmatic equalitarianism. In fact, I have seldom seen such an unblushing application of this Liberal dogma. For him any expression of discrimination in regard to class, or race, or economic order is traceable to "bigotry"—that term of opprobrium which is doing such yeoman service in the disvaluing of our traditions and institutions. Every historian is searched for prejudices as a suspect is searched for arms; more than this he is grilled as to whether his sympathies with the "outs" and with minority groups are sufficiently wide to pass Liberal inspection.

The warning comes early in the book, when he applauds Governor Thomas Hutchinson's condemnation of "colonial bigotries" as worthy of "an enlightened twentieth century historian." Thereafter he bewails the "near monopoly of expert history-writing held by economic conservatives and Loyalists" prior to the Revolution. Most colonial historians were "conservatives at heart" who "forgot to deal with ordinary men and their everyday concerns." After the Revolution, although the Tories were heard no more, "the writing and publishing of history books proved too expensive for mere sans-culottes." Consequently "the selection as to what was important amid the endless facts of history lay in the hands of a single social class." Washington Irving, for example, belonged to an "elite of bright salon conservatives" who "shuddered at the mob unleashed by Jacksonian democracy."

Francis Parkman is condemned for his "upper-class unawareness of the personality of the common man." Although he wrote well of the "forest primeval," his history "reflected the racial errors of the day." Thus Parkman is a "hostile Anglophile," who looked without sympathy upon the "Acadian peasants." In passing Mr. Wish adds, "his social science framework is wholly untenable."

The author's bogeyman is what he thinks of as Anglo-Saxon racial exclusiveness, which he represents as distorting history from the time when the Puritan fathers could not decide what to do about the Indians down through U.B. Phillips. No matter how diligent a researcher or how gifted a narrator the historian was, Mr. Wish will ferret him out and expose him unless he embraces the modern opinion that racial characteristics must not be taken into consideration. John Bach McMaster "had unfavorable judgments about the Irish, and the newer immigrant peoples." Henry and Brooks Adams are charged with harboring racial antipathies. Woodrow Wilson "showed his ethnocentrism . . . by prejudiced comments on the Italians and other southern Europeans." The young historians who trained under William A. Dunning at Columbia could not overcome their "preconceived racist assumptions." And so it goes, to repletion. Historians are also searched for their degree of acceptance of economic determination. To cite one instance of many: Bancroft is presented as "something of a snob" whose "ideal-

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istic interpretation of history led him to minimize all economic causes." In this way Mr. Wish's own social science framework is built up.

CLEARLY the effect of such criticism is to implant more deeply the premises of secular Liberalism, with its strong tendency to break the social bond. Doctrinaire equalitarianism and economic determination both pave the way toward a nihilism of values. One does not have to be either Anglo-Saxon or Anglophile to be an American, but one does have to accept certain principles which are intended to exclude the political nonbeliever. It may even be expected that he will show a special affection for his country. This is not unreasonable; it is merely anti-rationalistic. When Mr. Wish comes upon McMaster's statement that "There is no land where the people are so prosperous, so happy, so intelligent, so bent on doing what is just and right as the people of the United States," he can only call it "fatuous."

This kind of approach might be regarded as trivial or as destined to be abortive did we not know that it is expressive of a widespread fanaticism infecting education today. The driving idea behind that fanaticism is to make all education an adjunct of some social thesis or other. Dewey and his adherents were quite frank to say that education should condition the young for social democracy. To Mr. Wish the whole of historiography would appear to be in part an adjunct to race problems and in part an adjunct to some theory of economic levelling. There is a difference between relating what people in the past have said about these subjects and praising opinions that one finds agreeable as if they were the true laws of historiography. The first of these is dutiful reportage; the second is a more or less concealed form of special pleading. *The American Historian* tends dangerously toward the latter, and the pleading is for a kind of featureless social order which historically is not ours.

Forthcoming Reviews

Gerhart Niemeyer on *The Moulding of Communists* by Frank S. Meyer.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on *We Hold These Truths* by John Courtney Murray, S.J.

E. Digby Baltzell on *Who Killed Society?* by Cleveland Amory.

Francis Russell on *The Smut Peddlers* by James Jackson Kilpatrick.

The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck

E. MERRILL ROOT

RALPH Lord Roy seems cast in the role of apologist for the National Council of Churches. Formerly, a boy prodigy, he wrote a preposterous book, *Apostles of Discord*. There his thesis was that liberal socialism is the norm of religious health, the orthodoxy of right-thinking minds, the beneficent ecclesiastical conformity. So anything to the right of Niebuhr is heresy; anyone who favors free enterprise is a cantankerous rebel, an apostle of discord.

In COMMUNISM AND THE CHURCHES (*Harcourt, $7.50*), Roy is more glib and sophisticated, but he remains preposterous. He is still the boy who stands on the burning deck whence all but he had fled from the synthetic flames of "McCarthyism." He rushes in where even Niebuhr fears to tread, urging the flat impossible thesis that all Protestant churchmen have never sinned but are dreadfully sinned against; not that the Air Force Manual was sometimes inept, but that it was wholly false; that the Council of Churches is never socialistic, but only "social"; that "the Communists —in a curious *de facto* alliance with extremist elements of the Right Wing —have dealt a severe blow to legitimate social concern and protest in the United States."

He is ruthless to anti-Communism but only patronizing to Communism: "A third danger far more influential in the Churches than Communism will continuously exploit the Communist issue to delay social advance." Roy is all for "social advance"—which might roughly be translated as being all that Gunnar Myrdal thinks good.

The literary cards Roy deals would, in the old West, be called a "stacked deck." He deals the low cards to conservatives, the aces to Liberals: he wins, or would win, by legerdemain. He says merely "Naughty, naughty!" when Harry F. Ward goes off the deep end; at John T. Flynn, who endangered his career for his principles, he throws the stone of "ultra-conservative" and slips in the innuendo "Some observers saw Flynn as an embittered man, still smarting under unfair attempts to label him a 'Nazi sympathizer' during World War II. . . ." Notice the seeming justice as the luscious chocolate around the injected strychnine.

Roy's is ever a double standard. "Despite this reply (p. 256), Kunzig read into the record the testimonies of Manning Johnson and Leonard Patterson, who 'identified' Ward as a member of the Communist Party—an accusation Ward promptly denied." There you have it—flat and final as the showdown in poker. Two ex-Communists, who *knew*, identified (no quotes) Ward; "but" (why the "but"?) Mr. Kunzig took their documentary evidence, not Ward's "denial." Wicked Mr. Kunzig!

Roy apologizes for any and every churchman who strays into socialism or overflows into Communism. But any and every brave soldier against Communism and for America he damns with faint praise or blasts with snide innuendo. Herbert Philbrick is a modest, devoted champion of freedom. But Roy chisels away at him, never quite throwing acid but always flicking with the knife, till his plastic mal-surgery mutilates Mr. Philbrick into fool or knave. "In summary Philbrick has demonstrated little knowledge and even less understanding of the specific subject of Communism and the churches. It is unfortunate that he has made so many careless and sensational statements on the issue, especially in the light of the fact that his opinions carry so much weight." But are the "statements" of the Red Dean of Canterbury ever "careless and sensational"?

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Roy quotes him as if he relished turning the idiocies on his tongue: "a power behind Stalin which gave him greatness . . . how little of a personal dictator he seemed to be. . . . How much less than Mr. Churchill. . . I was in Hungary during the recent election . . . [it was] the fairest election I have ever seen . . . emphatically the government of the people's choice." Roy deplores such statements —gently. But Mr. Philbrick is "careless and sensational!"

Roy is also gentle to the kept Churchmen imported from behind the Iron Curtain. But he says of those who criticized them: "Some of the hecklers on the trip were *professional antagonists* of the World Council of Churches *who seized upon every opportunity to vent their hatred* against Protestant leadership." (Italics added.) Always the smile for the collectivist, the knife for the American!

He titles Oxnam's appearance before the Committee on Un-American Activities "The Churches Take the Offensive." He must suppose that nobody remembers the verbatim hearing (first published in *U.S. News and World Report*). That hearing was no triumphant "offensive"—Oxnam was embarrassed, confused, flustered, revealing himself as either an ignoramus (Roy admits he didn't even know the status of Dirk Struik) or a sentimental fancier of socialism. He quibbled, writhed, floundered, thrashed about like a hooked fish.

As Frank Harris once wrote of an opponent: "The best I cay say is that, if he were a fish, I would throw him back."

Ph.D. View of Bardot

GEORG MANN

IN ADDITION to Simone de Beauvoir's pronunciamentos, her new book, BRIGITTE BARDOT AND THE LOLITA SYNDROME *(Reynal, $1.95)* contains at least 46 figure shots and 32 head shots of Bardot (my count, in case you wondered who's counting). But there is far less to the book than what meets the eye. True, Bardot is an attractive baggage. Her fore-and-aft cleavage is quite up to the standards of the men's magazines that appear on the newsstands, leering at prospective purchasers with one eye, looking out for the cops with the other.

But is she anything more? Is she the modern femme fatale, the embodiment of the Lolita myth, the erotic hoyden? I doubt it. And I speak as a man with a demonstrated low threshold of susceptibility, one who has occasionally wondered wistfully about the sex of wooden Indians.

Whatever assets she has are in the photographs. Her figure is reasonably good—in spite of thighs that approach skinniness seen from the front and rear, bosoms that seem to wax and wane from photograph to photograph like the phases of the moon, and a navel of marked insignificance. Her delightful eyes are unfortunately too far apart, her hair invariably looks as though she has allowed casual strangers to sleep in it, and her cheekbones are broad enough to give the viewer the uncomfortable feeling that the top of her head can only come to a point. As for her bee-stung lips, they are a repository of all the sullenness that man has attributed to the *Ewige Weibliche* since Eve got her back up over the apple.

The reasonable reader has already pardoned this clinical analysis of anatomy, realizing that it forms the *pièce de résistance* of the entire book. And, for all its flaws, the anatomy is a great deal more attractive than the footless constructs supplied by that doughty old rationalizer, Simone de Beauvoir, whose text fills—and occasionally expands—the gap between the photographs.

At the start, it is obvious to an old girl-watcher like myself that Simone has not won her Ph.D. ("p" for *poitrine*, "d" for *derrière*) in this field. Otherwise, she could not have written with a straight face, "Seen from behind, her [Brigitte's] slender dancer's body is almost androgynous." Nor would she have commented that Brigitte's face "is a

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stumbling-block to lewd fantasies and ethereal dreams alike."

The captions continue the hymn of praise. "She has a kind of spontaneous dignity," appears beneath a solemn-faced Brigitte in the most crescent-cupped brassière, the flimsiest of G-strings. An attractive photograph of Brigitte in T-shirt and slacks solemnly assures us, "A woman in trousers chills desire. Brigitte proves . . . the contrary." One would think from these captions that Brigitte possessed at least two of everything.

The text displays such profound insights as "As soon as a single myth is touched, all myths are in danger." But the myth-making is relentless. De Beauvoir, doffing her bonnet toward the subtitle of the booklet ("and the Lolita syndrome") takes a hitchhike on an adjacent best-seller, saying duskily, "The adult woman now inhabits the same world as the man, but the child woman moves in a universe which he cannot enter." Besides, BB is natural, genuine, and chases men, which wounds masculine pride.

I don't know what French intellectuals are up to these days but I suspect one of them is writing with her face. And this is considerably more than the acting BB does with hers.

Books of Interest

Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman (Random House, $6.00). This *New Yorker* profile of Max Beerbohm seems, between hard covers, a good deal more interesting and a good deal less interminable than it did meandering past the Arpège ads.

Ceremony in Lone Tree, by Wright Morris (Atheneum, $4.00). A first-rate novel about some Westerners who can't forget how the West was won . . . and can't remember why.

Taken at the Flood, by John Gunther (Harper, $5.00). Back in the days when giants walked the pavements along Madison, Albert D. Lasker taught America to put its faith in Irium, and this book is about all that and more: a big biography of an advertising man.

Confessions of an Art Addict, by Peggy Guggenheim (Macmillan, $4.00). The author, who has gone through life with the verve of a Comstock queen (she married Max Ernst in 1941 because she "didn't want to live in sin with an enemy alien"), tells all about it.

The Journal of Christopher Columbus, translated by Cecil Jane (Clarkson N. Potter, $7.50). Beautiful edition of Columbus' logbook: maps, woodcuts, engravings.

A Number of Things, by Honor Tracy (Random House, $3.95). A funny novel about some Englishmen Doing Good in the Caribbean, by a lady who does not share their faith that calypso will become the beat of the new world.

Men and Manners

Corvo

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Searchers for the pure caviar in the English aesthetic movement begin with the *Yellow Book* and conclude with the fragments, letters, reprints which are still appearing under the name of Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. After the success of his stories of Italian folklore, his lawless, libelous literary career became submerged rather than publicized until it was sometimes asked—Was there ever such a person as Corvo?

There was! for we had the curious experience of contributing his first bibliography to John Squire's *Mercury* (perhaps as a joke) and certainly as a joke contributing to the annual Corvine dinner at which patrons and publishers, whom Corvo had blackguarded with libel and blackmail, were able to relieve their long-pent feelings and even drink to the dead man's health in a wine discovered to bear the name of *Corvo Spumante!*

Out of these merriments rose A.J.A. Symons' *Quest for Corvo,* which proved that Corvo had lived, had even been buried alive and was liable to literary resurrection. The *Quest* reached further than the fodder of dead leaves rehashed from the *Yellow Book.* A great English judge confessed he read it annually to widen his expectation of what was possible in human nature.

Americans will be interested that over 25,000 visitors have recently poured into the Marylebone Central Library to visualize the exhibits commemorating Corvo's centenary. Apparently collectors of what pertains to his chequered life exist. The least slip of his divinely-penned italics,

Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo

even on a vituperative postcard, is snatched out of the catalogues. The Exhibition showed rarities which are beyond his fans: Manuscripts, church banners, first editions, even his immense fountain pen.

Once he was sniffed at or rejected with a name locally given to an English wild flower—Stinking Archangel. Now his first books are contemplated behind glass, for all his exquisite MSS except *Don Renato* have been published. The *Don* was printed in five copies. Here is a copy of his ferocious excommunication of the late Lord Northcliffe as the Enemy of the Anglic Race: a vituperation of a

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Press Lord in the language of a Borgia Pope. It was distributed at a Corvine dinner financed by Maundry Gregory, a fascinating figure in the bogus world himself. Corvo gave himself a title but Gregory sold many at a large profit.

This exhibition shows Corvo as a medieval designer and artist of hagiology, an exquisite scribe and ecclesiastic novelist. The masterpiece *Hadrian VII* describes his own character and experiences on being elected Pope. It is something between Benvenuto Cellini and *Alice in Wonderland*. Incidentally, he once invented deep-sea photography which the Admiralty all but accepted. He wore himself out by his own violence. His friendships ended in postcards of abuse which were treasured for their beauty. All who helped or helped him not were served up in pastiche novels of violent libel. He was as queer a degenerate as ever turned Queer Street, but he was not effeminate. He became a practiced gondolier, and as a swimmer carried his boy-friends out to sea on his back. Crushed into the gutter all his life save for the picturesque attempts he made to reach priesthood, his name has now risen from oblivion. He dreamed of a Papacy based on total power which would rise and support hundreds of artists like himself. He could not have hated and ridiculed Democracy more. Typewriters, bourgeois Protestants, respectable Catholics, all women and most men he loathed and libeled. Typically, his only American friend and patron was John Quinn who generously sent dollars for his burial slab in Venice.

Theater

Advisedly Political

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

ADVISE AND CONSENT, Allen Drury's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of Washington politics (NR, August 29, 1959), has been turned into a play by Loring Mandel and is settling down to what will probably be a long and profitable run at New York's Cort Theater. As a playgoer I approve, for it is a good show and deserves to succeed. As a conservative I rejoice, for *Advise and Consent*, combining edification with entertainment, is (among other things) a slashing attack on Liberalism and its highly-placed practitioners in Washington.

The Drury book is now well into its second year at the top of the national best-seller lists, so its plot is scarcely a secret. A future President's appointment of an oily appeaser as Secretary of State is blocked by Brigham Anderson, a veritable Jack Armstrong among U.S. senators, who objects to the nominee's false denial of Communist Party membership fourteen years before. The President, and a villainous rival senator who frankly declares, "I would rather crawl on my knees to Moscow than die under an atom bomb," try to blackmail the happily-married Anderson by threatening to expose a long-buried homosexual episode in his otherwise spotless past. Anderson's consequent suicide galvanizes his fellow senators, and the nomination is rejected.

Mr. Drury's strategy for getting his powerful assault on Liberalism down the collective throat of the American society is so brilliantly simple that one wonders why nobody thought of it before. He has merely cross-bred his political message with a sad little story about the high social penalties for perversion—a theme dear to the Liberal heart, whose tolerance of deviation often extends beyond the political varieties. The result is a hybrid that Liberals can neither take nor leave alone; and from the book's first appearance their reaction to it has been schizy and equivocal, like the poor cat i' the adage.

This leaves the field to those unperturbed by such extraneous considerations, and we are in for a splendid evening. After a rather slow opening scene or two, the plot thickens with admirable speed, and by the time the first act (of three) is over, our interest is heavily engaged. Playwright Mandel has rightly stripped away the diplomatic cocktail-parties that garnished the book without materially forwarding its action; what is left is a tense, tightly-integrated play, focused sharply on five shrewd senators and a case-hardened President.

Best of all—and perhaps rarest—Mr. Mandel has been scrupulously true to both the artistic and political intent of author Drury. Despite what must have been an almost unbearable temptation to dilute the plot's political significance to please the predominantly Liberal critics and audiences, the story onstage is precisely the story familiar to readers of the book: the Secretary-designate is the same conniving *quondam* Communist we met there; his supporters blackmail the stubborn Anderson as ruthlessly as ever; that pillar of senatorial honor, Orrin Knox, still inescapably reminds us of Taft: and the true hero of the play, as of the book, is—of all unlikely choices—that foxy, pernickety old South Carolinian, Seabright B. Cooley.

Moreover, Messrs. Drury and Mandel have been blessed with the aid of a remarkable battery of supporting theatrical talents. Franklin Schaffner's direction is smooth, fast-paced and marvelously true to life. (The scenes in a Senate hearing room and in the Senate Chamber itself are wonderful evocations of the originals.) And Rouben Ter Arutunian's principal set, which changes magically within seconds from Anderson's home to his office and then to a hearing room, is a masterpiece of clean-lined suggestion.

BUT IT IS the actors who really put *Advise and Consent* into orbit. Not one of the leading seven is less than very good in his role, and at least four are exceptionally fine. Two of these—Richard Kiley as Brigham Anderson, and Ed Begley as the incorruptible Orrin Knox—breathe life into characters that might well, in lesser hands, have seemed merely sententious mannequins. In the role of the embattled but implacable Chief Executive, Judson Laire triumphantly carries off the herculean assignment of being a thoroughly believable, and even frightening, President of the United States. And Henry Jones, slouching through his juicy part as the septuagenarian Senator

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Cooley, successively (and deliberately) affronts and then wins the audience, sending most of its members out into the night wishing they too were senators.

But does *Advise and Consent* misrepresent the facts, as the drama critics of the *Times* and the *Post* bitterly charged (amid an otherwise unanimous chorus of huzzas)? Not at all. There have in fact been unrepentant Communists in public office in this country, and honorable men have, in sober truth, been hounded out of public life for saying so. That is the message of Allen Drury (himself a former *Times* reporter, assigned to the Senate), and that is the message that comes across the footlights at the Cort. If that fact inconveniences Liberals, *tant pis.* Meanwhile, here is "miching mallecho"—as Hamlet remarked during another guilt-stirring play, long ago.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

POLITICS AND CULTURE IN INTERNATIONAL HISTORY, by Adda B. Bozeman (Princeton, $10.00). We've had a decade and a half of the UN, and one thing is clear: in such a forum the nations discover how they disagree. Mrs. Bozeman believes this is not a matter of malicious or deliberate misunderstanding; it simply requires patient exploration of the histories of the separate cultures to identify the diverse national experiences in the past which are the basis of present failures of communication. She cites as the international experience from which we have most to learn, the process by which the scholars of the Far East adapted the religion of Buddhism to China, a process that took twelve centuries. Mrs. Bozeman's learned work is vitiated by a fallacy common to historians: that we have as much time to correct our mistakes as we took to make them.

A. BRYNES

ARSENIC AND RED TAPE, by Edmund G. Love (Harcourt, $3.75). Edmund Love, calling bureaucracy a disease that blots out the soul of man, offers as an antidote this book of twelve sketches of ridiculous characters in and out of government who think, speak, plan, act, and even fornicate like bureaucrats. How does a bureaucrat fornicate? Why on schedule, of course: Sundays at 8:15 a.m., or every fourth weekend with a new partner at Atlantic City. Mr. Love starts Chapter Seven with an outfit he calls "Hapgood Corporation" but for the rest of the chapter calls it "Hanover Corporation"—an example of his hatred for bureaucratic punctilios. Although he mocks, he cannot make us laugh: the only comedy in these sketches surrounds a drunken Santa Claus. Although he hates bureaucracy because it hides the soul of man, he discovers that soul only once: in a warm and gentle description of the promiscuous divorcée cultivating her garden in tranquil contentment during a rare interval between amours. In flat journalese he dashes through his sketches without love, grace, or piety. He writes—yes, sadly is it so—like a bureaucrat. One thing he thus proves: the disease is spreading.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

GERMANY DIVIDED—THE LEGACY OF THE NAZI ERA, by Terence Prittie (Atlantic, $6.00). "I have often felt a bitter sorrow at the thought of the German people, which is so estimable in the individual and so wretched in the generality." So wrote Goethe in despair of his countrymen, and so in the same spirit writes Terence Prittie, seasoned observer of Germany and long-time correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian.* The theme of this disquieting book is what former Federal President Theodore Heuss has called "the cult of forgetfulness"—the seeming inability of a self-excusing people to come to terms with its recent past and thereby more clearly see its destiny. For all the good that Dr. Adenauer has done, and Prittie treats him justly, West Germany's democracy is not yet deep-rooted. Nor is its society yet bound together by something more lasting than a common acquisitive itch. If the people who once fell under the spell of a madman do not, with the help of the West, find themselves, Prittie (who vigorously assails the implacably anti-German British Left) fears they may one day plunge after unity behind the Red banner of a far more menacing madness.

R. WHALEN

COLLECTED POEMS, VOL. III, by Roy Campbell (Regnery, $6.50). Of all the gifted men who have handled English verse in this century, the late Roy Campbell had perhaps the least awareness of individual words. If the translations from French, Latin, Spanish and Portuguese poetry here collected convey little of the differences between the poets translated, it is chiefly because he rushed through language with his eyes shut, delighting in splendor, color, and his own remarkable gift of headlong ease. When the requisite effects are strong, eerie and vivid he can arrest us:

Over the surface of the pond
The body of the gypsy sways.
Green her flesh, and green her tresses,
Her eyes a frosty silver glaze.
An icicle hung from the moon
Suspends her from the water there . . .

That is from Lorca, a "Somnambulistic Ballad." Many of the Lorca versions come off, most of the others become simply fatiguing.

H. KENNER

TURNER AND BEARD, by Lee Benson (The Free Press, $5.00). This is an almost monumentally picayune book, desperately dedicated to refuting the recent "revisionist" critics of Beard's *interpretation of the* Constitution. But beneath the quibbling that succeeds only in making Beard's critics (Robert Brown, and especially Forrest McDonald) look better, graver issues are at stake. For here is another example of a formerly promising young historian ruined by overexposure to the inanities of behavioral science. So eager is Benson to be "scientific" that he abandons the function and responsibility of the historian. The historian's science is an *art;* the attempt to be *ur*-scientific can only end in a fallacious and profoundly *un*scientific neglect of man's free will—the ultimate given of the historian's data.

M. N. ROTHBARD

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To the Editor

Trapp Family Christmas

It would be an understatement to say that I found Aloise Heath's story ["A Trapp Family Christmas With the Heaths," December 31] one of the most amusing I've read. It's warm and human and recalled happy memories of earlier Christmases with my own children, though they number only two. Please offer my compliments to her for such a fine, entertaining, happy family story.

New York City MARY MARTIN

Dear National Review:
In some ways Mother is a lier.

JOHN KIRKOVER HEATH
PRISCILLA LANGFORD HEATH
WILLIUM BUCKLEY HEATH

West Hartford, Conn.

False Assumptions

In his review of de Chardin's *The Divine Milieu* ["Truth on the Block," December 3], Garry Wills . . . begins with two assumptions . . . which, in fact, do not stand. The first assumption is that every formulation of ancient truths in modern terms and concepts ends in betrayal, in an extension of the definition of truth. His second assumption is that de Chardin accepted all the fashions and quirks of his day and from them derived the inspiration for his scheme of the universe.

If Mr. Wills' first bias were correct, Saint Paul would have been wrong in speaking as he did from the Areopagus, Saint Augustine should never have utilized contemporary Platonic concepts in his expression of Christian truths, and Thomas Aquinas should never have adopted Aristotelian notions and terminology. As a matter of fact, however, everything depends on the meanings given to the borrowed term and the way in which they are used: sometimes, a slight modification is enough to correct the adopted term.

That, in my opinion, is what de Chardin tried to do; he was selective and used only those terms and notions which fitted into his vision of the universe (a synthetic vision of Creation drawn from his personal faith and based primarily on his understanding of certain Pauline passages, a vision which gave meaning to his tedious hours of scientific research). And by using these popular notions (evolution, progress), he did not merely *accept* them as they were popularly held; by placing them in a framework of Christian thought, he also corrected them. . .

To call de Chardin's book a "treatise on the spiritual life" and criticize it for alleged shortcomings in its references to evil, Hell, the Cross, or Satan assumes something. It assumes that the author was trying to write an exhaustive work. This is the reviewer's assumption, not the author's. In his Preface the author clearly states: "The following pages do not pretend to offer a *complete* treatise on ascetical theology. . . ." When a writer explicitly limits the scope of his work in this manner, no reviewer has the right to infer that he was trying to do more. . . .

Chester, N.Y. REV. EUGENE KEANE

Population Control

It is absolutely astounding that any thinking man could dismiss the entire population problem in the shallow and superficial manner that M. Stanton Evans does in his review ["Malthus Rides Again," December 17] of William Vogt's book, *People!*

The stark truth of the matter is that man, by drastically reducing his death rate, with no corresponding diminution in his birth rate, has brought about an unprecedented rate of growth in his numbers that is bound, if not eventually checked, to crowd him off the globe. Man's capacity to reproduce himself is infinite, whereas the world, with all the life-sustaining natural resources that it contains, is finite, and the mere fact that man has thus far been able, through industrialization and an accompanying ruthless exploitation of the world's resources, to delay the day of reckoning by no means disproves the validity of the basic thinking of Thomas Malthus. If present population growth trends continue unabated, the dire results predicted by Malthus are bound to occur, and the only remaining question is how long man, through the application of his technology to the exploitation of

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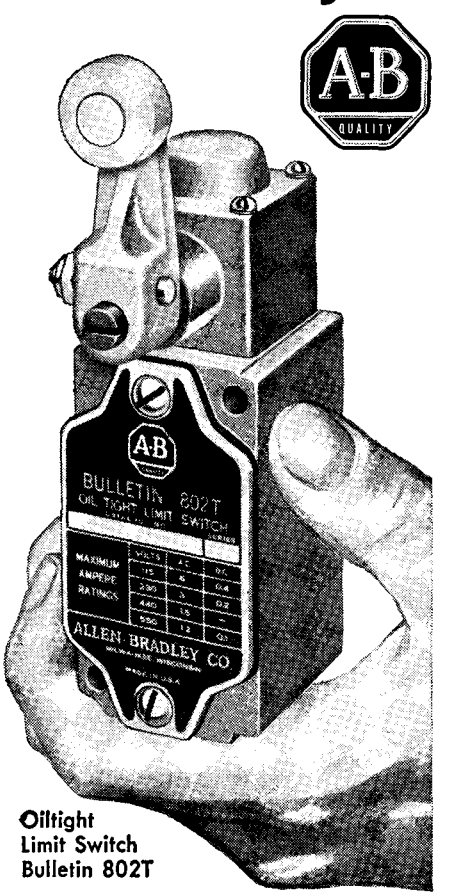

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the remaining resources of the earth, will be able to continue borrowing a little additional time.

Lawrenceville, Va. L. J. HAMMACK JR.

. . . I think that there is a danger that those who are opposed to birth control on moral and religious grounds run the risk of using pragmatic arguments to argue that birth control is not necessary. Some argue that the effects of overpopulation would not be so catastrophic as the proponents of birth control contend. But since opposition to birth control seems to me to find its justification only on moral grounds, to argue as to its effects is to concede the point. . . .

Cincinnati, Ohio MRS. JOSEF WILLIAMS

Granted the ability of technology to improve man's lot indefinitely, unchecked population growth still poses serious threats to Western civilization. The essential Christian principle of the sacredness of life, which may prevent some from sanctioning contraceptives, has as its corollary the significance of the individual in contrast to the mass. This priority could be gravely jeopardized in an excessively overcrowded and denatured society.

Democracy too requires a high state of individuation: self-reliance and self-restraint. These more often arise and prosper in political units with small populations *in relation to* land mass. History amply demonstrates this in the contrast between ancient Greece and Imperial Rome. An equation of the thumb definitely exists between density of population, proximity of open space and immunity to mobocracy.

Hewlett, N.Y. ANDREW E. CARLAN

Plot?

. . . I wish to voice my emphatic misgivings over the unfairly prejudiced review of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's book, *The Divine Milieu* [December 3]; your unduly lengthy and reverential treatment of the statement issued by the Roman Catholic Bishops at their annual meeting [December 3]; and last but not least, the diatribe against birth control put forth by M. Stanton Evans [December 17].

There are millions of patriotic Americans who deeply believe in the principles of conservatism as applied in domestic and foreign policy, and at the same time admire de Chardin's

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"unorthodox" religious philosophy and (or) do not share the so-called "moral" objections to birth control. It is a matter of regret that your fine journal should impose such theological limitations upon itself and upon its readers. The platform of conservatism and anti-Communism should be made as broad as possible and not narrowed down to fit into the medieval rut of scholastic theology. To marry the case of conservatism to Roman Catholicism may be a smart thing to do in Spain, but it is extremely unwise in America!

REV. STEPHEN A. HOELLER, D.D.
Hollywood, Cal.

1)The Rev. Hoeller does not reveal what he objects to in Mr. Wills' review of de Chardin's latest book. 2) When the National Council of Churches issues a statement as conservative as that of the Catholic Bishops, we shall reward it with as lengthy and reverential an editorial. 3) M. Stanton Evans is a devout Methodist, and presumably is not engaged in marrying the case of conservatism to Roman Catholicism. And, in any case, the views of a book reviewer are not necessarily those of NATIONAL REVIEW; *and (finally) it does seem odd that when a reviewer gives a Catholic priest an unfavorable review, he should be accused of pro-Catholicism.* —ED.

The Young Conservatives

One of the most significant, if not *the* most significant, contributions to society being made by NATIONAL REVIEW is its development of an active body of young conservatives. But if this junior conservatism is not to be futile or merely a passing whim, it must be geared to meet the fundamental problem of our times, which currently is the problem of survival facing the free world in the face of the relentless Communist onslaught.

And yet I noticed that neither at the recent Sharon conference [see "The Young Americans for Freedom," by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., September 24] nor on college campuses has there been any effort to train these young conservatives in the art of systematic analysis and refutation of Communist philosophy and propaganda.

How many of our young conservatives, for example, could face some of our recent official Soviet tourists and trade argument for argument with them and rout them in debate? How many of our young conservatives could match their argumentative wits against their own local Communists to the complete discomfiture of the latter? How many of our young conservatives could detect with accuracy the Communist Party line when it finds its way into the columns of a local newspaper and then have the guts to say so?

Young conservatism which is not so equipped is merely a form of beatnikism on the right, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. Should not the term "young conservative" in its current context carry with it the clear implication that the individual so designated is simultaneously the clearest and most vigorous opponent of Communism? Can this be truthfully said to be the case? What do we propose to do about it?

Washington, D. C. BENJAMIN MANDEL

Kennan—a Ripe Target

In your issue of November 19, Mr. E. Stanley Goldman confides that Mr. George Kennan has maintained over the years a "clear, consistent and real (as opposed to literary) position on great questions," and should therefore be "valued rather than vilified" by NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . In point of fact, no reputation for sagacity is a more appropriate target for attack than Mr. Kennan's, at least where his most important policy recommendations are concerned.

In 1947, Mr. Kennan, who had very

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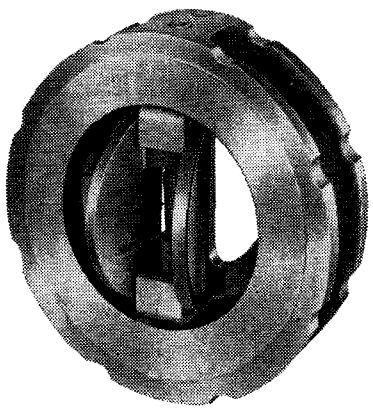

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recently set up, and was heading, the first Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, published an article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," which laid the theoretical foundations for the policy of containment. . . . Both history and Mr. James Burnham (in *Containment or Liberation*) have demonstrated that Mr. Kennan's efforts on this occasion left a great deal to be desired.

Mr. Kennan's next appearance before the political footlights took place in 1957, when he delivered his BBC lectures advocating a European disengagement. Since, as Mr. Dean Acheson made clear, this policy involves the ultimate removal of American forces from the European continent, the question arises whether any deterrent (short of nuclear war) would be posed to a Soviet takeover. Mr. Kennan's answer: A militarily impotent Western European nation which buoyed up its "internal health and discipline" to an adequate degree could "assure" the USSR that any conquest by force would be a "small profit," because "not a single Communist or other person likely to perform your political business will become available to you for this purpose; you will find here no adequate nucleus for a puppet regime. . . ." On the premise that any nation capable of issuing such a statement would have to be composed of lunatics, Mr. Kennan may have a point.

In a word, Mr. Kennan's reputation as a premier counsellor on foreign affairs is one of the more dangerous myths of our age, and NATIONAL REVIEW is fully justified in baying it to ground.

New York City J. DANIEL MAHONEY

The Difference

In all charity toward our opponents and in defense of our friends, I must point out that the most important distinguishing characteristic, albeit a simple one, beween those of us on the "Neanderthal Right" and those on the "Simian Left" is ratiocination.

This characteristic, which puts us on the side of the angels, is best epitomized in your excellent journal. Keep up the outstanding work! The Ancients taught that laughter was a corrective; may I suggest that your journal employ more ridicule against those vertebrates on the left? Having laughed them out of existence we could concentrate on the real enemy —turnips!

New York City EYM PILTDOWNSON

Man Versus the State

Reading the issue of December 31 ["How Many Bathrooms Have You?"], I nod in agreement with the editorial pat on the back of Mr. William F. Rickenbacker as a patriotic chap: "From time to time individual citizens must say No to the monster State. If just the right number of us do that, often enough, liberty prevails." He said no to the state.

I then turn the page to James Burnham's accusation that the actions of Mr. Uphaus and Dr. Pauling are equivalent to treason. They also said no to the state.

I am not confused because the NATIONAL REVIEW editors have made it quite clear Mr. Rickenbacker is a good conservative and Doctors Uphaus and Pauling are some sort of subversives.

Of course, they are acting under and in support of the same Bill of Rights as Mr. Rickenbacker, but their actions cannot similarly be called conservatism. It would prove too confusing, and would be much less fun, to stop tossing Communist accusations at any nonconformist not considered attired in the prevalent conservative fashions.

University Park, Md. DOUGLAS WATSON

Turning the Clock Back

I see in "Onward to Yesterday" [December 31] that man has been on this earth for 100 million years. In times of inflation it's pardonable to get confused by numbers. Man has been on this earth about 600,000 years, and this correction considerably weakens the main point of your article.

Instead of turning the clock back 2.7 seconds to get to the time of Moses, we'd have to turn the clock back a full four and a half minutes. It is these four and a half minutes that worry the Liberals so, what with changes of time zones and television programs, and I think this point should be stressed. We can't turn the clock back any more. We're already eight years late for an appointment on the New Frontier. Synchronize your timepieces, men, and as Joan Didion says John Wayne says in *The Alamo*, les-go!

Los Angeles, Cal. BRUCE FEDER

The Kennedy Cabinet

No thinking conservative can pretend to be very happy about Kennedy's choices for the key posts in his new Administration; but I cannot avoid noting that most of the bogeymen which the Nixon forces used to scare conservatives into voting Republican have wound up with considerably less than they were supposed to get.

Adlai Stevenson was going to be Secretary of State (remember?), and John Kenneth Galbraith was slotted for Secretary of the Treasury. Soapy Williams was to take over Health, Education and Welfare, and we were assured we would all be lucky if we escaped having Thurgood Marshall as Attorney General.

Well, bad as it is, it hasn't turned out all that bad. And, for that matter, didn't Henry Cabot Lodge virtually promise that Ralph Bunche would be Under Secretary of State in the new Republican Administration?

Maybe we were lucky after all.

Fremont, Ohio LESTER H. DUPREE

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